THE COMMONWEAL

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THE WORLD'S WELL-BEING

CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT recently and quite correctly reminded his fellow-citizens that the work of the Supreme Court is to interpret the nation's law, and not to establish or promote justice. Acting on the assumption that the accumulated constitutional legislation of the United States is the existing public definition of justice, the Court merely declares that such and such an act bears such and such a relation to the definition. It deals with a static code of civic righteousness and must be content with doing so, even though it may realize fully as well as anybody else that existing conditions are in numerous ways wrong, chaotic and in need of adjustment. But, we may properly ask, how is improvement to come about? From what source is justice to spring? How shall our definition be corrected, if that be necessary?

It is salutary to view these matters against a background of history now and then, rather than to think of them always in purely theoretical terms. After all one cannot note too clearly that politics and economics are primarily two sets of facts gathered in the process of social living, and therefore in need of constant correlation with dependable general principles of morals or natural law. Many things which have profoundly modified industry tumbled into the world of commerce through accident or invention as suddenly as a meteor might fall into a harvest field, and occasioned about the same amount of dust and turmoil. People did not immediately see the connection between these things and universal principle. Indeed some of them did not care to look around when they could, and thus added their own blindness to the general confusion. Obviously there are several varieties of cloudy vision—that of the man who has been stunned by the débris, and that of the man who instinctively though selfishly keeps busy trying to ward off danger from his own person—or trying to annex what available plunder he can. Still it may be argued with some plausibility that humanity as a whole does love reasonable order—does want to have things in their right places, even where gain and power are concerned.

This trend of argument is available to all who care to read such a survey of recent political and economic effort as Mr. Charles W. Pipkin's The Idea of Social Justice, which is briefly noticed elsewhere in this issue. The book, one may say without too desperately seeking refuge in metaphor, is an attempt to make a chart of social progress in England and France since the beginning of the nineteenth century, in the spirit of an optimistic but scientific physician. "Recognized lead-

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ers," says the introduction, "supported by an increasing number of the electorate, depended upon public opinion playing an important part in bringing about desired changes in the life of the nation. This has value in a study of social justice, for it shows a faith in the working machinery of democracy." Indeed the writer has little difficulty showing that the movement toward social amelioration in England went hand in hand with a more and more marked tendency toward popular political rule. Those who follow Mr. Pipkin through his study of the advance from the Health and Morals Act of 1802, which was little more than a legalized expression of humanitarian feeling, to the Factory and Workshop Act of 1901, the specific statutes of which dealt summarily with a host of industrial evils, will hardly care to debate the conclusion that there has existed in England "an immediate connection between public opinion and legislation." The average working-man became so definitely committed to the idea that justice could be achieved most quickly through the intervention of the state that wild dreams of millennia, or futile recourse to determinism, hardly entered at all into the philosophy of British labor. Even today, when the social problem in its widest sense is influenced by abnormal factors like post-war rehabilitation and financial depression, the government of England is able to discuss grave changes in its attitude toward industrial relations without destroying confidence and without pushing opposing tendencies of thought to extremes.

In France there has not existed this same correlation between political institutions and social demands. From the Revolution had come an inheritance which was forever setting political action and industrial reform at loggerheads. The legitimate desire to emancipate working men and women from intolerable conditions was likewise distorted by a variety of philosophic doctrines guaranteed to do almost anything except restore order to society. Nevertheless Mr. Pipkin is able to show—though by no means altogether clearly—that the French opinion which more or less aptly labeled itself "socialism" gradually managed to dedicate the powers of the state to carrying out a program of improvement. Despite the intellectual and electoral victories of syndicalism—out of which the twin repudiations of democracy, Fascism and Bolshevism, have developed—France successfully counseled the intervention of the state in the conduct of industry. Here, too, "the ideal of social justice" has frankly been identified with the purpose of political good government.

If we say, therefore, that the increasing accuracy of the European legal definition of justice has been attained through the exercise of democratic public opinion, we are at the same time answering the questions put at the beginning of these remarks. The effectiveness of justice in the industrial life of the United States might be achieved through deliberate use of government to outlaw injustice. One says "might" because, for better or worse, our present tendency is not in that direction. For its part, conservative American government uniformly feels—except during rare moments—that its one great contribution to the regulation of industry is the tariff. Where disputes between capital and labor arise, "hands off" becomes the watchword of state authority; and even issues fundamentally economic in character, such as slavery and immigration, have been settled in the spirit of idealistic politics. On the other hand, trade unionism in the United States has zealously striven against making its affairs part of the general public enterprise. It has felt competent to fight its own battles, to establish its own standards of justice. This situation is due in part, of course, to the fact that organized American labor has an economic power and wealth far beyond what its equals in European countries can dream of.

One may concede that in a country where pioneer conditions still prevail to a considerable extent, the freedom of industry is a stimulus to initiative and development. Nevertheless it involves great dangers and allows equally great opportunities to lie idle. If the Supreme Court of the United States accepts law as the practical equivalent of justice; if that law, in turn, is the official expression of the popular will—then it follows that a failure to see in legislative action an important means for arriving at the establishment of social justice may be a calamitous mistake. Yet as things are now, practically no effort is made to take away from conservatism its dictatorship over the Constitution. Excepting for sporadic groups of intellectuals and for certain minor organizations that may be called political by stretching the term, nobody in this country seems interested even in paving the way for the kind of work which proved so valuable to the continental nations. Even now a number of social problems are known to exist upon which the law of the land has an important bearing, but toward a democratic solution of which that law can contribute nothing. What might be revealed were industrial circumstances less fortunate than they are, must be left to speculation. Obviously all this would not be affected by the kind of public opinion which has been operative in France and England, because that opinion has not been organized to any appreciable extent.

It may be, as some aver, that democracy is not a safe guide. But at present, committed as we are to democracy, nothing seems more strange than our indifference to the good ends which this can serve and has served, where it has been consciously and sensibly active. For it does involve, when well understood, "a freedom that recognizes the rights of the individual, the new power of community life, the rights of groups within the state, and the right of the state to express the common purpose for the good of all." A democracy which remained loyal to this ideal would almost necessarily strive to mitigate the "tragic destiny" of man by righting economic wrong and by guaranteeing equitable opportunity to the largest possible number.

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

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WEEK BY WEEK

ONE may suppose with considerable reasonableness that little good will accrue to peace from too much talk about it. Some people seem to think that if the idea of universal concord is given sufficient publicity, nothing can prevent it from becoming a practical reality; but very obviously the generation prior to 1914 talked continuously of the horror and impossibility of war, and was quite as astonished when the guns leveled Liège as the Trojans must have been when the wooden horse proved deadly to their security. There is danger in accepting peace nominalistically—as a principle or a proposition rather than as a series of real facts and conditions which are established as slowly and carefully as armaments are organized. Our attitude toward the now celebrated Briand peace proposal ought, as a consequence, to be determined by what we see in it as being really true and factual. The French premier suggests that a new treaty outlaw war between his country and the United States, and his admirers at Columbia University have already begun to draft the practical details of such a treaty. Is the arrangement of any immediate practical value? Well, it would undoubtedly assure the French that the United States would not become a party to any alliance hostile to France; but this is already promised in great measure by existing agreements and virtually guaranteed by present world conditions. The genuine positive effect of the Briand proposal is not to be identified with these things at all. That effect is to supply further proof of friendliness between France and the United States, at a moment when discussion of the war debts is to be resumed. We here feel and have often declared that the whole European situation demands a more generous settlement of those obligations than the United States Commission was willing to agree to last year. The statement issued by Princeton University on this question seems to us so lucid and challenging that American opinion would be foolishly blind if it went on exacting a "stand-pat settlement." But that is no reason why a peace treaty should be dragged across the stage as a preliminary pantomime. Such actions smack of diplomatic subtlety. And we shall serve peace honestly when we treat it frankly as a goal of primary importance, to be reached by patient, definite, detailed agreements, and not by theatrical gestures which have their share of publicity value.

BISHOP JEANMARD, of Lafayette, Louisiana, has written a succinct account of the havoc effected by the flood in his diocese and attached to it a plea for aid in continuing the work of the missions and schools. One is sure that his request will be heeded by many generous persons, but the work of ecclesiastical rehabilitation may prove a serious burden for a long time to come. The people concerned are descendants of the Acadians who once before in history lived through the tribulations and perils of a great exodus. At that time of separation and wanderings, Catholic priests clung loyally to their people, gave them guidance and blessed them. Today, in the words of Bishop Jeanmard, "priests have followed their people and are ministering to their spiritual needs in the camps established at Lafayette and elsewhere. Masses are said daily, and rosary devotions, so dear to the people, are held in the evenings." Baseball fields, rice warehouses and similar places substitute for the parish churches round which the flood waters lap destructively; but the ancient sacrifice and consolation abide, are always the same, are even what they were in the strenuous days of Evangeline. These are tenacious people who will return to their soil and make it bloom again. Meanwhile a little kindly aid from everyone would assure the safe continuance of religious life in a district where, during the next few years, heroic efforts must be made to stave off economic disaster.

SENATOR SMOOT has obviously tripped over a twig. Having arisen in an optimistic mood on a morning brighter than usual, having been invited by the President to talk over some very special aspects of the nation's welfare, the Senator stepped forward to reassure us all. Was the President going to bring Congress together a little earlier than usual? Yes. Would this Congress profit by the bad example of its forbears and settle a great deal of urgent business pronto? Yes, indeed. At this moment the Senator became expansive. He drew a picture like the one which some day, nearer to the millennium than we are now, will hang on the most prominent available

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wall in the Capitol—a dream picture of an ideal Congress, setting to work with the resolute diligence which characterized those German mechanics who repaired Mr. Chamberlin's plane, and virtually establishing the world's political efficiency record. Senator Smoot, of course, dated his picture 1927. The General Deficiency Bill, held up last season by a jam of injunctions, was described as getting itself adopted almost automatically; flood relief was seen being carried through almost as rapidly as a canoe might race down the current; and numberless other measures, upon which the life of the country depends, were visualized as signed and tucked safely away by next June. This cargo of good news gave the Senator himself a great deal of pleasure and he knew that we would like it, for a little while anyhow. Unfortunately there is always a cloud on the Washington sky. There is always a twig on the political pathway. And from the White House came the solemn declaration that official truth had no share in the pigment used by Senator Smoot. In due time we shall know when Congress will actually meet. In due time we shall also know what Congress will not accomplish. It is a mortifying situation for an imaginative artist to be in, but the trend of the cosmos simply will not be interfered with.

GEORGES SOREL, the ruminative syndicalist from whose doctrine the vastest of contemporary social changes have sprung, said somewhere that he considered the rôle of educator most important in the modern industrial world. The man who could inspire the masses with an idea of the direction in which they might desirably move would be the true master of those masses. In this country the correctness of Sorel's reflection has been assented to, officially at least, by many of the Christian churches. They have set to work earnestly—studying social conditions, issuing reports of investigations, making declarations of principle. Their legitimate hope for thus pointing out a good path to the laboring majority is, however, handicapped to some extent by the difficulty of finding some single modern figure from whose activities and writings the average individual might gather the precepts of encouraging example. Now the Fifth Annual Catholic Industrial Problems Conference, which will convene in Detroit on July 1 and 2, promises to meet this difficulty admirably, in so far, at least, as Catholics are concerned. An important place is to be given to consideration of Frederick Ozanam, great French social leader and one of the noblest of modern men. If the personality of Ozanam could be made as real for American Catholic workers as the personality of Lincoln is to reflective citizens, there would be every reason to believe that the contribution of the Church to social progress in this country might be larger than anything which now seems possible. Ozanam combined sanctity with sanity—a knowledge of the ways of Providence with an understanding of limitations imposed by earthly circumstance. His point of view, we are glad to say, dominates the Conference itself. This will discuss many other matters during two crowded days, coöperative relations in industry, unskilled labor and American economic radicalism being some especially important topics.

THAT such topics are being discussed at all by Catholics in this country is a fact which one must attribute, at least in large measure, to the influence of Father John A. Ryan. No man has aroused more opposition, simply because none has presented so many live topics for discussion. As a student of morals he learned points of view which have long since become identified with Christian tradition and therefore with western experience; as a student of economics he became acquainted with the facts and developments which characterize contemporary society. That the moral principles and the economic facts bear some relation to one another is obvious, even as the circumstance that these relations are not always harmonious has likewise become obvious. Father Ryan has courageously attempted to find a method of reconciliation. This is best set forth in his Distributive Justice, a new edition of which, incorporating certain valuable restatements, has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. The book sets forth a thesis without attempting to bind all it has to say to that thesis. It "represents an attempt to discuss systematically and comprehensively the justice of the processes by which the product of industry is distributed." When the first edition appeared, a critic declared that "there are minor points in Dr. Ryan's interesting book with which his friends might take issue, but in the main friends and antagonists alike will admire its sanity and tolerance." These words may be repeated confidently today. Ten years have proved that, however much one may differ from him on certain interpretations of economic processes, Dr. Ryan has indicated an intelligent and sound recipe for the establishment of social justice—a recipe which, however far society may be from using it, deserves the earnest consideration of every genuine citizen.

NOTHING but encouragement should go to the campaign which the Foreign Language Information Service is launching for increased membership, with a view to extending its activities. The organization, handily known for over five years by those interested in the problem of humane and worth-while assimilation of the immigrant as "Flis," has been a pioneer in this respect—that it has not only sought, by means of press matter in a dozen European languages, to interpret America to the alien, to advise and where necessary to warn him, but has also made it a part of its policy to interpret the alien to America. In its magazine, The Interpreter, are to be found sympathetic accounts of the historical and cultural backgrounds of men and women who too often disappear into the anonymity of toil without having given a taste of their national quality. The sentiment of Americans of the older stocks

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toward the stranger at their gates has gone through many phases, from the whole-hearted, if careless welcome, when the stress of upbuilding was calling for thew and muscle, to the suspicion and even alarm that has tinctured the work of later writers on the problem of Americanization. The check put upon unrestricted immigration today by the wisdom of our legislators may not commend itself to every school of economic thought. But this must be said of it: it permits the whole problem of assimilation to be treated with more deliberation, reason and sympathy than has always been possible in the past. Dr. Henry Pratt Fairchild puts the matter concisely when he tells us that "instead of preaching to the immigrant about the duty of loving America, Americans should recognize their twofold duty in the matter. The first part of their duty is to see that America shall be lovable." It is because "Flis" seems to have seized upon the happiest manner in which this twofold duty can be discharged that its work is so worthy of praise.

THE late Joseph Pennell's eyes, which did not see much during his closing years to make them brighten, would have lit up a little, one likes to think, at the recent report from the General Federation of Women's Clubs telling of the success obtained by them up to date in their war upon the bill-board plague. Sixty-five corporations, it appears, have promised to cease defacing the countryside along our post-roads, and cloaking the beauties whose preservation is everyone's business by recommendations to eat, smoke, and lubricate which are their own. It is not the club-women's fault that probably sixty-five score, or sixty-five hundred, remain for whom the chance of a single sale would outweigh all the aesthetic considerations that a plebiscite of beauty-lovers and nature-lovers throughout the Union could present. An automobile trip from New York to Boston along the main highway has now become a maddening medley of varicolored appeals to eat hot dogs or buy chow dogs, to settle and build in some "Homeland," to invest loose currency in fresh vegetables or "old-world things," to say nothing of the ukases of the oil and tire magnates, beside which the old-time advertisements of Peruna on the sides of barns have almost become a cherished fragment of Americana. It is idle, given the present public attitude toward business, to expect any remedy from legislation, or even such a campaign of good will as the women of the Federated Clubs are organizing. Perhaps the remedy will come when multiplicity of advertising has defeated its own ends. For the harassed traveler by road has not gone many miles today before buying consciousness ceases to register. He may even miss the information that a bill-board ten feet by eight upon some daisied slope was erected to afford him, namely that Bolony Oil means happy engines and that he is about to pass through the hamlet where the man lived who owned the goose that shed the quill that signed the Declaration of Independence.

THERE was an interesting moment on Ascension Day, May 26, during the address of welcome given by the Right Reverend Abbot Obrecht of the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani, the Trappist house in Kentucky, when Governor Fields of Kentucky presented his wife to receive the privilege extended by canon law to the first lady of the commonwealth to enter the enclosure so strictly closed to all of her sex by the institutional laws of the Trappists. The Abbot closed his address of welcome with the notable words: "As a proof of our respect for lawful authority and as a public expression of our whole-hearted attachment to the state, in the person of its chief executive, we today make an exception to our universal rule, and from the bottom of our hearts we welcome the first lady of the commonwealth, who with a fair galaxy of noble companions has come to grace our monastic solitude. Finally, I dare cherish the hope that, after your brief stay in our midst, Your Excellency will carry away the conviction that, although by our profession we are entirely separate from the world and wholly devoted to the service of God, still there are none in the whole wide world who are more sincerely loyal to Your Excellency, more deeply devoted to this fair State of Kentucky, nor more faithful citizens of the United States, our glorious fatherland, than the monks of Gethsemani."

A CAREER of unusual heroism and interest came to an end suddenly with the death, in New York City, of Monsignor Frederick Schlatter, director of the Saint Boniface Society. When the fact that children were starving in post-war Germany became widely known to Americans, it elicited, as we all remember, that generous relief work which some of our higher military officers inaugurated and directed. Almost at the same time Cardinal Gibbons sponsored the coming to this country of Monsignor Schlatter, who was secretary-general of the great German Catholic charities organization and who had bravely resolved to believe that American kindness would not refuse alms to the suffering children of a vanquished enemy. It deserves to be recorded that the Monsignor, who was always patriotically German but ready to admire the virtues of other peoples, met with a success which saved thousands of lives and brightened numberless homes. Personally he knew hundreds of donors, and we are sure that he thought of each of them with a deep personal feeling quite independent of his belief in the cause he served. Incidentally, of course, he did what he could to break down stupid hostility based on national strife. On the one hand, he was an untiring host to visitors from the fatherland, introducing them to American circles and customs with a refreshing magnanimity; on the other hand, no man was ever more ready to explain German methods, achievements and institutions. In short he was a "spiritual ambassador" who met a critical opportunity nobly and who counted it singular good fortune to render service. That he

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will be missed goes without saying; that he will be remembered is wholly certain.

THERE is an ancient Latin saw which insists that they who cross the sea, though they change their residence, do not alter their minds. The Catholic Times has unearthed two statements made by Mr. H. G. Wells which seem to show that there may be cases where the saw is in the wrong. M. Charles Chassé, in one of the March numbers of the French weekly periodical l'Opinion, gives an account of an interview with Mr. Wells. The Mercure de France had just been praising Mr. Wells and comparing him with Diderot. Mr. Wells told his interviewer that he had "encyclopaedic tendencies and also cosmopolitan tendencies." But he continued: "I must confess to you that I have received little French influence at first hand." What follows is specially to be noted: "Unfortunately, in fact, I read French with difficulty, and when I have gone through twenty-five pages of a book written in your language I am obliged to stop through weariness at meeting so many words that are unknown to me." So much for Mr. Wells to the south of the English Channel; let us now hear him when he crosses it and returns to his native land. In the course of his prolonged controversy with Mr. Belloc, the latter had gently hinted that the reason why a certain work was not mentioned by Mr. Wells was that it was written in French and there was no translation. Mr. Wells replied to this suggestion by the statement, in G. K.'s Weekly, that "for all practical purposes I read French as well as I do English—in all probability, if it came to using a German, Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian scientific work, I could give Mr. Belloc points in a beating." So that Mr. Wells, on his own showing, reads French with great difficulty when he is in France, while in England it is his second tongue. Thus does he "suffer a sea-change."

MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD?

PROFESSOR H. F. OSBORNE, in his recently delivered address at the two hundredth annual meeting of the American Philosophical Society, devotes his time to the origin and antiquity of man. There is no doubt as to Professor Osborne's ideas of his antiquity, for he puts the origin of man back to no less than 16,000,000 years ago. That will startle geologists like Sollas of Oxford and prehistoric archaeologists like Breuil—the acknowledged dean of that body—since they have been contented so far with a limit of 50,000 years. Even Keith, who is regarded by Boule as extravagant, did not go further than 350,000 years back. The fact of the matter is that all of these statements are but guesses—some of them wild, some of them conservative.

There is no question that Sollas is abundantly right when he says, in the latest edition of his classical work, that the last phase of the old stone age can be dated back with fair certainty to 7,500 years from the present day. In regard to the predecessors of the men of that time, "no dates can as yet be safely assigned; for to venture on speculation in this matter would in all likelihood be merely to add to the 'hecatomb of error' which De Geers so clearly foresees."

The question may be asked again, as it has been before, though up to the present no answer has been vouchsafed: In 7,500 years man has advanced from the stone age to our present marvelous civilization; for millions of years—teste Osborne—before that he was man; what was he doing all that time that he made no progress? Mousterian man had a brain as large as ours; he had the skilful hands of a craftsman; he believed in a future life; he was a man in every sense of the word. Yet he comes very early in the story. The thing is incredible.

In the matter of man's origin, the Professor throws a bomb into the ranks of the writers of many textbooks. The progenitors of the human race were, according to Darwin, apes of the Catarrhine or old-world type. From the time that that statement was made down to this very day we have been deluged with accounts of man's simian ancestry, set down with an assurance and minuteness which would not be out of place in the Almanach de Gotha. We have been told that early man could not talk, but only jabber; that his color was such and his hair so; of none of which things we have a single grain of evidence. And now Professor Osborne comes along and boldly says: "I regard the ape-human theory as totally false and misleading. It should be banished from our speculations and from our literature, not on sentimental grounds, but on purely scientific grounds, and we should now resolutely set our faces toward the discovery of our actual pro-human [so printed in Science, but surely "pre-" is intended] ancestors."

Darwin's Descent of Man was published nearly sixty years ago. Since that time what a vast amount of search has been made for those pre-human ancestors whom we are now really to make an effort to discover! And how many times have they been found! The Neanderthal man, now recognized as a representative of a well-known race; the Taungs skull—just the cranium of an anthropoid ape, as Keith tells us; the Java man, whom many regard as nothing more than an ape, though Professor Osborne thinks that he was a low-grade man with a brain not much smaller than that of the Veddahs of today. And all the time we were barking up the wrong tree. "Man has a bipedal, dexterous, wide-roaming psychology; the ape has a quadrupedal, brachiating, tree-living psychology." Thus the Professor; so now we know, and may "try back," as fox-hunters say. None the less it may be wagered that numbers of little books will continue to appear in which we shall have the old ape story once more detailed, just as if we had the same evidence in support of it that we have for the descent of any family of well-certified pedigree.

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THE FATAL DOOR

A TENDENCY to shrink from self-congratulation when it seems indicated has never been noted of our Vice-President. But when Mr. Charles G. Dawes, in his recent speech before the graduating class of Washington University, St. Louis, turned from domestic politics and the misdeeds of the Senate to deliver an attack all along the line upon the "career" diplomatists, there is no reason to see in his remarks merely an oblique eulogy upon the famous Plan, and the man whose name it bears. For many reasons Mr. Dawes's strictures are well in line with the popular estimate of the men who make diplomacy their profession, and the mere fact that they cause that much-to-be-considered person the man of affairs shine by contrast is enough to secure them a good press.

Uncle Sam, who is a good paymaster for piecework, has always been a little chary of loosing the national purse-strings too wide in remunerating routine duties. A disposition to let public service be considered its own reward is the reverse side of the shield in a country where the rewards for doing the best one can for oneself are illimitable. The history of the State Department abroad is not a heartening one. Nothing is to be gained today by recalling the "bad old days" when a diplomatic appointment at St. Petersburg, Stockholm or the Golden Horn was the reward for services to the Republican or Democratic machine often of a nature far from elevated. Those who are interested in the subject will find a frank and entertaining chapter on the humiliating incidents to which the practice gave rise in a lively travel book published by a young broker named Ireland seventy years ago, and entitled From Wall Street to Kashmir.

What is more important to note is that the reform of the whole business of diplomatic representation upon the European basis, and the creation of a corps d'elite, staffed by appointment and with steady promotion as its reward, has, in the opinion of Mr. Dawes and those who think with him, only replaced one set of ills by another. "The growing criticism of the career men," says the New York World in its editorial upon the Dawes speech, "ought to be centered on these latter." (The World has been speaking of the appointee men who graduate from South American posts to Europe, and comparing them unfavorably with the consulate-bred men in the Far East.) "They are in effect a rather close corporation of rich and favored individuals, who arrange among themselves for their own promotion to the best posts. They are trained in the etiquette of diplomacy, but few of them have any real experience in any part of the world or any thorough grasp of the economic and political problems with which they have to deal. They tend to be shut in within their social set. They are peculiarly sensitive to the influence of rich expatriates who are residing in the various capitals abroad. They do a fair amount of social climbing."

The World criticism is, in a way, the reaction to be expected in democracies when any attempt is made to evolve a privileged class. It is the more plausible because, in a country where no social category exists (at any rate overtly) whose mere names are a guarantee for the acceptability of its members as representatives abroad, the selection almost always has to be made upon a basis of personal means. But in reprobating it, and recommending the consular service as the training ground for diplomats, the World is following its own train of thought rather than Mr. Dawes's. What the Vice-President is recommending is not a mere change in diplomatic personnel. It is the perpetuation of the system which took resettlement in Europe out of the hands of those who had borne the burden and heat which rendered resettlement possible. "No internal policy of appointments," says Mr. Dawes, "must interfere with the selection for important negotiations of those whose qualifications have been tested by the successful bearing of great responsibility in times of emergency." And again: "When the Premier, the head of a State Department or the Minister of Foreign Affairs goes to an important conference . . . he better than anyone else knows the extent to which it is safe to antagonize temporary public sentiment at home in order to reach reasonable agreement abroad which domestic public sentiment, when fully informed, would favor. The best time to "inform" public sentiment, Mr. Dawes quite evidently believes, is when the arangement is concluded which these "tested" men have drawn up, and the country is committed.

Mr. Dawes's plea for quick diplomacy, for greater power in the hands of fewer people, for diplomatic conferences whose model, he makes no secret, are the sort of meetings that take place "when in any great city in a money panic the leading financiers meet to confer over measures for the protection of general credit," is too consonant with the modern worship of business methods in every department of life not to secure a good deal of support. But that it will meet with opposition is no less certain. The minority report of the Senate, issued at the time the Roosevelt treaties first alarmed the instinct of our legislators for balances and safeguards, still stands, and nothing that has happened since robs it of significance. "The firm grasp upon our relations with foreign governments, placed in the hands of a minority of one-third of the Senate by the Constitution, whereby entangling alliances and wars have often been prevented, is being relaxed and the people are losing that power of self-protection. It is silently passing from the hands of their representatives. . . . This fatal door in these conventions through which the rightful powers of the Senate will pass into the hands of the Executive, should be closed, so that a mere diplomatic agreement concluded by the President cannot bind the government of the United States and all the states and all the people to obey it as the supreme law of the United States."

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ENGLISH LAW AND LABOR UNIONS

By HENRY SOMERVILLE

THE Trade Disputes and Trade Unions bill now before Parliament is a Conservative government's reaction to the general strike of last year. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in New York described the bill as "the most iniquitous piece of class legislation produced by blind and stupid people," and declared that the government which proposed it deserved to be impeached. Mr. Macdonald was a sick man and his language presumably reflected his own overstrain, but all the Labor critics of the bill are speaking in like terms, and the Labor party has formally given notice that its first act on returning to office will be the repeal of the measure. This declaration ensures that the bill will be a leading issue at the next general election, and as the fate of parties depends upon it, it is of first-class political importance. But considered in itself, it would not suggest to a detached observer that it could produce constitutional or legal results commensurate with the party excitement it is now generating.

The pivot of the bill is in the first portion of Clause One, which, as amended by the government, runs:

> It is hereby declared that any strike is illegal if it has any object besides the furtherance of a trade dispute within the trade or industry in which the strikers are engaged, and is a strike designed or calculated to coerce the government either directly or by inflicting hardship upon the community; and it is further declared that it is illegal to commence or continue or to apply any sums in furtherance or support of any such strike.

Before commenting on this pivotal clause, I may briefly summarize the other provisions of the bill. Lockouts are declared illegal in the same terms and in the same circumstances as render strikes illegal. Workers who refuse to take part in an illegal strike are protected against being penalized for such refusal by their labor unions. "Picketing" during a strike (this refers, of course, to legal strikes) must not be conducted in such a way as to cause obstruction at the approach or egress of a worker's home or place of employment, or to "intimidate" the worker, intimidation being defined as the causing of reasonable apprehension not merely of physical or material injury but of boycott or loss of any kind, or of exposure to hatred, ridicule or contempt. Unions may not levy their members for political funds except in the case of members who have signed a formal expression of willingness to contribute. Civil servants may not belong to any labor union which is not composed exclusively of civil servants, and the unions of civil servants may not be federated or connected with non-civil service unions. Local authorities are forbidden to make it a condition of employment that their workers shall belong or not belong to a labor union.

We now return to the pivotal Clause One. Apart from this bill it would appear to be doubtful whether, except in cases of breach of contract, any strike is illegal in England. Even under this bill no strike is illegal if it is in furtherance of a trade dispute within the trade or industry in which the strikers are engaged. A trade dispute is one which is connected with the terms of employment or with the conditions of labor. A strike remains legal even though it be designed or calculated to coerce the government either directly or by inflicting hardship upon the community, provided that the strikers are furthering a trade dispute within their own trade or industry. To come under the designation of illegality, a strike must be undertaken for some purpose other than the furthering of a trade dispute in the strikers' own trade or industry, and it must be designed or calculated to coerce the government, either directly or by inflicting hardship on the community.

The general strike of last year was a sympathy strike. Its object was to force the government to do something for the miners. The "something" might have taken the form of a renewal of the subsidy in aid of miners' wages. Pressure on the government was attempted by inflicting hardship on the community, as by the stopping of transportation of all kinds. This general strike affords a large-scale example of the kind of action that the bill declares illegal. Sir Henry Slesser, attorney-general in the Labor government, arguing against the bill as going much further than the prohibition of general strikes, says that there is not the slightest chance of a general strike happening again for generations. The remark serves to show that the Labor opponents of the bill are not moved by a desire for a repetition of last year's occurrence. Sir Henry Slesser is a philosophic lawyer whose convictions should be of special interest to Catholics. He is so Catholic-minded that rumors are always recurring of his reception into the Church. He is an enthusiast for mediaevalism, and though he belongs to a party which is nominally socialist, he is counted among the distributist school of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton. The influence of the ideas of his school is seen in Sir Henry's favorite objection to the bill. He argues that, inasmuch as it prohibits the cessation of labor in certain circumstances even after the workers have terminated their contracts, it reintroduces legal servitude for the workers. The defenders of the bill regard the objection as pedantic, because cessation of labor is prohibited only when such cessation is calculated to inflict hardship on the community and to exercise coercion upon the government in a matter not particularly affecting the workers in question.

The reader will recognize that what is at issue under Clause One is the question of sympathetic strikes. Not

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all such strikes are prohibited. Breaches of contract apart, all grades in the postoffice could strike in support of the demands of one grade. Any amount of sympathetic striking against one employer remains legal. The same is to be said of extending the strike against all employers in a particular trade or industry. It would seem that all the railways in the country can be stopped because of a dispute about the terms of employment of one railway servant. But can road transport be stopped because of a rail dispute? Can papermakers stop the supply of paper to a printing firm which has a dispute with its compositors? Again, electricians supply light and heat to private houses, and power to all manner of business establishments. Are they prohibited from cutting off supplies to a "blackleg" shop when by doing so they incidentally stop supplies to innocent non-combatants? How will the judges define a "trade or industry" within the meaning of the Act? Do electricians working for railway companies belong to the railway industry or the electrical industry?

Catholic moralists have not reached agreement on the ethics of the sympathetic strike. The fullest and best discussion I know of is in a book entitled The Morality of the Strike, by Reverend D. A. McLean (New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons) with a commendatory introduction from the authoritative pen of Dr. John A. Ryan. Father McLean discusses the morality of the sympathetic strike (a) against the same employer and (b) against different employers. His drift may be gathered from the following extract:

> While we should not seek lightly to justify any extension of the sympathetic strike principle, yet it would seem that there is greater justification for this second type of sympathetic strike than is generally conceded. . . . Very few of the larger industrial corporations are really independent in any true sense of the word, for besides being united into many powerful combinations, such as partnerships, combinations, trusts, etc., of various kinds, with their related and interwoven interests, the great majority of the great industrial and commercial corporations of this country [the United States] have united in such associations as the National Manufacturers' Association, the National Erectors' Association, etc., with the purpose of assisting one another financially, as well as by moral and economic pressure, in resisting the demands of labor.

In the House of Commons debates there has been a good deal of dialectic fencing remote from any real issue. The legal friends of Labor have been disposed to minimize the extent of sympathetic strikes and to throw doubt on the evidence of intimidation practised during trade disputes. The real Labor men have no use for this trifling. They know that striking is a dirty game and that it has to be played to win. Intimidation is of the very essence of the "furtherance of a trade dispute," as the bill puts it. An employer is frightening his men with the loss of their jobs. The men are frightening him with the loss of his business. This is all perfectly moral and legal frightfulness, and it does not add much to the sum total of terrorism if a "blackleg" is told he will get his head punched. Mr. Philip Snowden put the realistic Labor view very plainly when he made the following remarks in the House of Commons:

> What is, in essence, the purpose of a strike? The essential purpose of a strike is to coerce somebody. It can have no other object. It is a resort to force—the use of force to compel the concession of something. It may be used by the employers on the workers; it may be used by the workmen upon the employers; but it is always coercive. Then, again, just as the relations of capitalism and employers and employers' federations are so intimate, so interlocked today, so are the relations of the various trade unions, and it is an utter impossibility to confine a trade dispute to what is described in this bill as within a trade or industry. If the right is taken away from the trade unions to increase the pressure, to increase coercion by sympathetic strikes, then the strike weapon becomes absolutely useless.

I speak as one who knows industrial warfare at first hand and who has studied the rules of the moralists concerning strikes. The view has been forced upon me that if strikes are to be conducted effectively it is vain to hope that ethical restrictions will be kept in mind by the combatants. As things are, with the worker at a natural disadvantage against the employer, it is mockery to tell the worker that he has a right to strike, but only under such restrictions as will ensure his defeat. The policy of unions in a strike must be, as Mr. Snowden says, to increase the pressure, to increase coercion. Strikes are like war, and the more hopeful line of policy is to work for means of preventing them by providing some alternative instead of merely regulating them. This conclusion is strengthened by the consideration, which Mr. Snowden himself is disposed to admit, that strikes, on the whole, have not been of benefit to the workers. But until the workers see some other way of defending themselves against capital, they will surrender no weapons they deem necessary to an effective strike.

Motoring at Night

The ebon-winged hills
Were no sooner defined
As shapes on the sky
Than we left them behind.

A tree, like a runner,
Loping before,
Sprinted a mile or two
Then was no more.

But the rollicking moon
With his mangy mist-hound,
Crashed through the forest
Bound after bound

To the side of the car,
Nor could we outride
His curious stare,
His seven-league stride.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS IN SHANGHAI

By ELEANORH GOODNOUGH

NO MATTER what the outcome of the present conflict in China, the good old days are gone forever. The good old days when every white man was a king—when a pale skin was the open sesame to social and commercial prestige, and even the most cultured Chinese gentleman had to bow his head before a foreigner, regardless of how stupid, illiterate or rude that foreigner might be. Epidermis has, for the Chinese at least, ceased to be the basis upon which man's superiority is determined. And like all the amazing changes of the past few years, it has come about since the world war.

There was nothing gradual about the transition. It came suddenly—overnight, almost. One day a white man walked down Nanking Road in Shanghai, pushing coolies off the sidewalk, as had been his custom for years past. But the next day all had changed. A coolie suddenly turned and pushed back, and the beginning of a new era was marked on that morning when a well-dressed white man and a ragged, filthy coolie struggled with each other to see who would stay on the sidewalk. The white man won, but the encounter left a deep impression on those who had witnessed it. The first step in breaking away from the domination of the white man had been made.

When the ports of Asia were opened to the world and the Occidentals immigrated there to establish permanent colonies, they began their association with the Chinese with the understanding that the color of a man's skin determined his right to rule; determined his superiority in every department of life. The Chinese, hampered by an ingrown civilization, fearful of anything different either in mankind or customs, handicapped by their own love of caste, made a half-hearted attempt to dispute the white man's claim. But the Oriental had lived in peace too long. He was not adept at the game of fighting and the old theory that "might makes right" was proven to the utmost satisfaction of the white settlers in the Far East.

For many years the Europeans and Americans lived in China under the most ideal conditions. In a world given over to a mad scramble for a living, China offered the poor man a haven and the lazy man an Eden. There, for the minimum of effort, a white man could maintain himself in the surroundings of an English country gentleman or a retired American banker. There were no efficiency experts or time clocks. There was always tomorrow for any extra work that might have made today unpleasant.

It wasn't long until the news of the pleasant life in the Orient trickled back to San Francisco, New York and London, and hundreds heard the "call of the East." Bank clerks and stenographers, shop-girls and bookkeepers heard it, and the more adventurous went. Tom Gray, who washed his socks and handkerchiefs on Sunday morning in a hall bedroom in West Fourteenth Street, heard the call and shipped to Shanghai. He was a different person as soon as he put his foot on the Bund. He was Somebody. He was important. Sweating yellow figures, stripped to the waist, salaamed before him, groveled for his pennies and lugged his baggage for a tenth of a cent. Instead of being jammed into a subway, he found a bright, shiny, rubber-tired rickshaw waiting for him, and a fawning runner to do his bidding. His quarters were even more surprising. He was housed in a beautiful private residence, leased by the bank for the foreign clerks. Its rent was an insignificant sum in Shanghai, but the appointments were comparable to those of the most exclusive New York club. There were private tennis courts, a golf course a short distance away, and a beautiful garden.

Tom was a little giddy when shown into the enormous room, richly furnished, but he was completely overwhelmed when a Chinese walked in and announced, "Please, Master, I b'long your boy." A valet! Tom Gray, who just six weeks before had been washing his own socks to save a few cents, was now living as any wealthy young man of New York might live. And yet the sum was the same as that which had maintained him so miserably in a hall bedroom.

But there were still a few more surprises for Tom. One of them was clothing. It, like everything else, had ceased to be a problem, economically speaking. Where he could afford but one suit in New York, he could have six in Shanghai, made of the best imported English materials, by native tailors who insisted on extending unlimited credit. And Tom Gray soon learned he needed many more suits than when he had lived in Fourteenth Street. He dressed every night for dinner. It was a rule of the mess, and he grew to like the feeling that a dinner coat gave him. He had not been in Shanghai very long until he was invited to homes he would never have dreamed of entering in the United States. But he was white and in China—that, coupled with good manners and a pleasing exterior, was one's passport to society.

Tom had always envied the officials of his bank in New York because they belonged to clubs and had time for golf and racing. In Shanghai it was almost impossible for a young fellow not to become a man-about-town, particularly if he was genial, so it was not long before Tom was a well-known figure in the best clubs, and a valuable member of several athletic organizations. He bought a pony for a few dollars and raced it in the spring and fall meets, riding the horse himself, as nearly all the foreigners do. Racing in China is still a gentleman's sport, and nearly all the entries are ridden by their owners. The regatta

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found Tom at an oar, and he was an outstanding figure in the paper hunts which take the place of fox hunts. He played golf and did well at tennis and with it all worked to the satisfaction of his employers, because he had clever and eager Chinese assistants. He was no longer just a clerk, he was a boss.

Tom Gray's case is typical of hundreds of young men and women who went to China to work. They found a new life—the kind of life they would have struggled for years in the United States to obtain—and in many cases would have been too old to enjoy when they got it. For the girls there was, invariably, marriage—and the kind of marriage that every girl dreams of. There were no grinding and petty economies to tarnish the romance or bring one back from Elysian fields. Even when the children came, there were competent, devoted Chinese women to care for them. Truly, China offered a rare combination of economic ease and delightful social existence not to be found in any other part of the world.

Because the foreigners loved Shanghai and wanted to live out their lives there, they built a beautiful city outside the walls of the native settlement. When the first white men went there the Chinese had refused them permission to live in the native city, and now the foreign settlements stand as indisputable evidence of the initiative, progress and industry of the Occidental. Great marble buildings, broad, paved, tree-lined boulevards, and a skyline that makes an imposing waterfront have taken shape under the guiding hand of the white man, while the native city huddles in its centuries-old buildings, stagnates in its filth-laden streets and looks at the magic municipality with sometimes apathetic, sometimes covetous eyes.

But while the white man was building and expanding, while he was developing and opening up new lines of commercial activities, the discontent of the Chinese at being treated as an inferior and conquered race spread with alarming thoroughness. Many sons of Han went to foreign universities and returned to their own people with the assurance that though the foreigners were smart and aggressive, they were as a race no better than the Chinese.

"Racial equality—or nothing!" cried one returned student in an impassioned speech to a mob in the native city, and the coolies cheered enthusiastically. To them it meant that the Indian Sikh policemen in the foreign settlements wouldn't dare to use their clubs so promiscuously, or the white men administer a beating whenever some error aroused their tempers. Like many other human beings of many other races, the coolie will accept the most brutal kind of punishment from one of his countrymen without protest, but even the lightest correction from a foreigner arouses his indignation.

The white man's theory that the less consideration there is given the native's personal comforts, the easier he is to discipline, has been handed down religiously in China. An American girl who had just arrived in Shanghai, went into a large foreign department store to buy a pair of mittens for her rickshaw coolie. The day was bitterly cold and the coolie was shivering in rags.

"I want a pair of mittens for my rickshaw coolie," said the girl to the British clerk.

"What?" exclaimed the Englishman, disapproval spreading over his face. "You mustn't do that. You'll spoil him."

"I think," said the American girl quietly, "that the English were the first to organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals—you would not fail to put a blanket on a horse on a day as cold as this, would you?"

"Oh no," replied the English clerk, "but that's different."

China's great problem is to find employment for her millions. So over-supplied with labor is the country that whenever a famine or a flood or an epidemic comes along and takes off a few hundred thousand the remainder of the populace sigh with gratitude. Foreign industries have given work to many thousands, and foreign factories and firms have paid better wages than native concerns. This has been responsible for raising the standard of living in the treaty ports, and while the Chinese have cried out against exploitation, they have at the same time admitted receiving definite benefits under it.

Their real complaint against the foreigner isn't economical or political—any intelligent and honest Chinese will say so unhesitatingly. It is social. They do not want to be treated as inferiors, or children, or slaves, and heretofore the foreigners have unfailingly placed them in one of these categories. If the white man is to continue his pleasant existence in the Far East he can do so at the price of his superiority, but the good old days will be gone. Jin Ling Loo, who sits in the cashier's cage on the right, will have as much social prestige as Tom Gray; and because Tom is white, Jin Ling Loo won't feel it compulsory to finish Tom's work so that Tom can get away to his tennis game. For Jin Ling Loo will be playing tennis himself, and probably with Tom's employer.

I Like a Reverent Town

I like a town that sees
The sacredness of trees,
Acknowledging their right
To whisper half the night
And all the day to talk
Above a shaded walk.

I like a reverent town
That hews no tree-trunk down,
But lets it stand to know
Sidewalks around can go,
As if: "I comprehend.
You were here first, my friend!"

CHARLES DIVINE.

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CONFESSIONS OF AN ANTHOLOGIST

By THOMAS WALSH

POETS are born, they tell us; so are opera singers, I believe, and it is as hard to manage the sons of the lyre as it is for the impresario to persuade some coy or haughty prima donna to sing her aria if she does not feel like it. Now we are all poets, in a sense; but some of us tread our way into print, chant our little ditties before a general public and please our relations by showing them their family name in real black and white in a monthly or weekly issue. The sweet consolation of all this—the poor monetary return!

Then after a few years we grow weary of the scent of roses and the thorns of public indifference—not to mention the biting jealousies of rival bards and the scornful attitudes of college professors; some of us marry rich contractors' daughters and take judgeships or places on public commissions; others, more perverse, resort to newspaper work, becoming editors, possibly publishers or even novelists, and the lyre falls out of tune as the shadows darken. One career remains open to us; riddled with a chronic poetical rheumatism, counting on the friends and comrades whom we have boomed, whose poems we have applauded, and praised, (God forgive our youthful dishonesties!) we come into the open, unashamed, without a qualm or a blush, and declare ourselves anthologists.

Now an anthologist is a more or less necessary public nuisance; he goes about like some Buddhist monk with a bowl collecting scraps of poetry written by the dead or living; he binds his gathering into a book in hopes that his work will gain a place on the shelves of a reference library, that somebody in this busy world hunting a quotation or a poem appropriate for an occasion, will consult his pages and add to the publicity for which the original poet pined and strove—usually in vain.

Our conditions today take us back to the times of the primitive encyclopaedias, the Ladies' Garlands, the catechisms, the Sentences of Peter Lombard, when the presses were so slow and books so scarce and valuable that it was necessary to crowd prose and verse together, to give a polite letter of love-proposal for some farmhand, some moral instruction for the youngsters, or to tell mother how to baste her pies and father how to cure the pigs of the pip. This period came to an end with the patent medicine almanac. What was formerly a necessity of scarceness has now become a necessity of the overplus; so many books, so much advice and instruction have flooded our age from the newspaper, the magazine and the untiring publisher, that a sort of guidance is necessary if we are to find some intelligent way through it all. Hence in the presence of a vast output of poetry—most of it of appalling badness—we are in need of trained selection, we are in need of the collectors, the benevolent assimilators, the raging vampires of the publishing world today—the anthologists.

For those of us who practise the black art of anthologists there are some good traditions. There have always been good Italian and Spanish antologías and editions of Mejores Poesias. My early youth was tinctured by my mother's well-worn William Cullen Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song, succeeded by the English Golden Treasury. Old Father Ryder had given us the first Catholic collection—a rather finer effort than an achievement—and then a whole swarm of followers came over the poetical world, the Oxford Books of Verse, Burton Stevenson's monster collection, Harriet Monroe's school for western poetry, De la Mare's delightful anthology, Marguerite Wilkinson's industrious gleanings in many volumes, Joyce Kilmer's Catholic collection, Theodore Maynard's excellent presentation of the Catholic poets of our own times, and Shane Leslie's and Padraic Colum's selections from English and Irish poetry.

Has this work been overdone, as some of our critics aver, or are we only at the beginning of a codification of the masses of poetry? It seems to me that we are on the threshold of a new era, when all published matter will be reduced to proportions that will enable busy people to cover a subject, as is attempted with the arts, the news and science in the pages of the Literary Digest; we have reached an age of codes in our laws and in our sciences, and of selective anthologies in our literature.

The publisher is an important factor in this problem; the rising price of books has inspired the author with a growing desire for the fruits of his labor. This is only just and fair. The question of copyrights involves both the publisher and author in many difficulties, so that after consulting numerous authorities we are still left in uncertainty regarding the ownership of various literary properties. The publishers, seeing values in reproducing rights, begin to assert an ownership in manuscripts originally published serially and later incorporated between book covers. The author, having accepted his check for the original publication, now has no intention of giving his work to the publisher or even to the reading world, but pursues the copyists and reproducers of his work with an avidity never known to literature before. So that now in every publishing firm of importance there is a young clerk handling the matter of granting permission to reprint even the poorest scrap of a poet's work.

Any attempt to ascertain whether or not there is a copyright upon the works of English poets leads into a labyrinth of difficulties. Our laws insist that to secure American copyright a book published in Eng-

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land shall be reissued in America within at least a few months after its original publication abroad. The gentlemen of the publishing world are therefore not too anxious to provide the dates of the first issue of a book, and when, a few years later, they discover an interest on the part of the American public, they issue a work upon which they assert a dubious copyright. One firm plucks another in the merriest fashion in the world; there is little investigation of these claims and an important house usually pays the fees without engaging in any dispute, counting on getting its returns when its own opportunity occurs.

The business side of this question is indeed confusing: but when it comes to the claims of the original author, the plot thickens. I only know for myself that whenever an anthologist has asked for permission to reproduce one or two of my little songs, I have felt "My heart leap up" with joy. We authors live on publicity and die for lack of it, and while I have always made it a business rule to exact payment from my first publisher, I felt in accepting his check I had received my wages. When I realized furthermore that there was real monetary value in my manuscript, I awaited further settlements from the publisher. In the case of a poet we come upon the peculiar character of a work of art. As poets we assert that there is something special in us, some gift of heaven that bids us sing, that entitles us to a recognition (which very few of us ever receive) and gives us a position more or less equivalent to that of the ancient bards or the medicine men among savage tribes. We consider ourselves entitled to the prestige of artists; we are ready to accept the floral tributes, which are not thrust too often upon us, and the emoluments of professorial or political berths and the joys of giving our autograph at afternoon tea-parties. That we should, after all these glories and advantages, claim additional fees from our fellow-workers and artists who are struggling with the work of the world, usually without hope of any substantial monetary regard, strikes me as a rather questionable proceeding.

Some few years ago I prepared and published an anthology of Spanish literature under the title of The Hispanic Anthology. Most of my original poets were happily in their graves, but those who are alive have signaled their feelings of gratitude in an unmistakable way and I have enjoyed such honors from their literary academies and the governments of Spain and South American countries as to contract a sort of blindness when I approached our modern English and American poets. In the vast majority of cases I have met with supreme courtesy and helpfulness; but in some other quarters where I might expect courtesy, not to speak of generosity or even gratitude for favors past, I have encountered a peculiar spirit of opposition and even offense. Having devoted a goodly part of my reviewing interests to Irish poetry, could I have expected gross insults from at least two of these bards domiciled in our own United States who call me everything except a thief when they are informed in my politest manner that I cannot afford to pay their charges and must omit them from my new book, The Catholic Anthology, if they do not return me the courtesy which I wish to show them? There are certain cases of really valuable copyright which I recognize and respect, but in the cases in question, I am speaking of people who only rejoice in any outside opportunity for publicity and could not in any event be injured in their property or artistic rights by inclusion in any anthology. I have heard of odium theologicum but now I see that there exists a very definite odium poeticum which is just as unreasoning and bitter.

The English and Irish poets seem to think that any request from America should be accompanied with a check payable. I was greatly amused when a well-known translator from the Gaelic informed me that he was the father of eight children, two of whom were still not self-supporting, and would I send him one guinea apiece for the short poems I wished to use and two guineas apiece for the longer ones? The absolute silence that ensued must have troubled this gentleman for in subsequent letters he begs me to complete the contract. I have silently omitted him from my collection and thankfully accepted the versions of George Sigerson, translating the same poems and offering me through his executor a carte blanche to all his works. Another poet informed me that he personally expected $10.00 for the use of one of his poems, telling me that the laborer was worthy of his hire. I answered, agreeing with him wholeheartedly in his economic principles but asking him if he really believed that in my anthology of over a thousand poems, his share in coöperation was worth his charges. On computation, I find that he is touched with a profiteering germ and that the value of his poem would amount to some five two-cent stamps. He has not replied to my question regarding the fair price he would exact for his copyright permission.

My work in reviewing the Catholic field of poetry has shown me that there is a great and yet unrevealed treasure of thought among us. Having listened to several missionaries of Bible societies who at the end of sharp arguments have always resorted to the charge that spirituality died out in the Catholic Church before the days of the Reformation, it has been a great delight to uncover a vast wealth of the most spiritual poetry in every age of the Church's history. This is our answer to this charge of our opponents. Down to the present moment we have continued to produce poets who are so numerous and important that a non-Catholic reviewer recently declared that from a study of the question it would appear that poetry taken as a whole was a Catholic faculty. When one reads much of modern poetry and sees the fine art and technique of modernists that result in practically nothing, one realizes that though our writers of the unbelieving sort have mastered the art of expression they have found nothing worth while to express.

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PAGAN TOMBS IN MEATH

By A. J. REILLY

IRELAND is not generally known to be a hunting-ground for antiquarians and archaeologists, but it is nevertheless one of the richest countries in the remains of a civilization untouched by any Roman influence. Perhaps no district of equal area in Europe contains more relics of a long dead past than the historic and beautiful valley of the Boyne, within easy reach of Dublin. Because of circumstances not pertinent to this brief article, the Irish people themselves have generally an extremely limited knowledge of the value of these relics of a pagan world, and it was not an uncommon thing to find in the material being used for road-work invaluable Ogham stones with their still undeciphered record. Only by chance were the ancient tumili, burial mounds of long dead pagan kings, saved from the leveling process of time and man.

Long before Dane or Norman set foot upon Irish soil, before the great apostle Patrick watched his pagan master's flocks on the lonely hillsides of this strange land, the valley of the Boyne or, as it was then known, Brugh na Boinne, had an established place in Irish annals. Ancient records assert that the guardian spirit of this valley was one Aengus an Bhrogha, son of a De Dannan king, to whom, after he departed this life, the gods of the De Dannans assigned the duty of watching over this burial place of royalty. The De Dannans, it will be recalled, inhabited Ireland in the prehistoric era before the coming of the Milesians. They seem to have been a conquering and all-powerful race, their achievements in the realms of the mind as marvelous as their prowess in battle. Indeed the Milesians continued to fear them even after conquering them, because of their "necromancy." The final engagement between the two rival races was fought in what is now County Meath, in the valley of the Boyne, and it may be the burial mounds of the three De Dannan kings (who, with their wives, fell in that great battle) that are today known as New Grange, Dowth, and Knowth. New Grange lies between Slane and Drogheda on the north bank of the Boyne. Because of the general similarity of the three structures—which are perhaps the oldest of the kind in the world—the description of New Grange may be applied to the other two.

What the Danes and succeeding invaders spared the ruthless hand of time has succeeded in destroying, until today there remains only the unique structure itself and its strange, primitive stone carvings. The tumulus indeed presents an extremely commonplace and even disappointing appearance to the traveler coming upon it suddenly. Because it was originally built upon rising ground, the observer is deceived as to its actual height, and the thick growth of brush and trees which now covers the flat top of the mound still further detracts from its impressiveness. But an exploration on foot discovers the fact that the mound is in reality forty feet in height and approximately a thousand feet in circumference. From the existing arrangement of twelve large, flat stones can be drawn the inference that the mound was originally enclosed in a circle of similar stones. Within the enclosure thus formed was a rampart of loose stones which, on the eastern side, is still intact. The mound itself is an enormous cairn built of loose stones heaped within a curbing of larger stones. This curbing turns gradually inward toward the entrance to the tomb, which would seem to indicate that at all times the entrance was plainly visible to both friend and foe. The only precaution against unwelcome entry was apparently one excessively large and heavy flat stone which closed the single opening. The one now at the entrance to New Grange displays beautiful spirals characteristic of the bronze age. The ease with which invaders could gain access doubtless accounts for the disappearance of such treasures as are usually found in pagan burial places.

Greatest interest centers on the carvings still visible on the boundary stones. From these the student may trace the development of decorative art in Ireland, and they remain the finest examples extant of the relief carving of that early period. At the entrance one can study what is assuredly the first step in the development of the arch in the huge, carved stone above the opening, the lines on its upper face indicating early efforts at molding. The design generally followed is again the spiral, the loose ends grouping together the three principal spirals in the design and the end positions being filled with lozenges.

There was evidently but one entrance, which gives upon a passage about three feet wide and fifty feet long. At the end of this is a circular chamber with a conical shaped roof. The passage is walled by large, flat stones, many of them elaborately and delicately carved in the conventional spiral design, though the most precious of the carvings have been removed to the National Museum in Dublin. The design of the passage is carried on into the circular chamber at the end, giving an architectural completeness to the whole structure. The funnel-shaped dome which forms the roof of the chamber is built of similar flat stones, overlapping and gradually narrowing until one stone serves to close the opening. These are, like many of the other stones in the structure, beautifully carved in spirals and lozenges. The carving was done, apparently, when the stones were on the ground. Later the builders set the stones in place in the structure without regard to the designs, many of which are concealed by the overlapping.

The three recesses off the main chamber arouse considerable speculation. In each are found great stone basins, in the largest of which can be traced quite easily two cup depressions. It is contended by some that these must have been used as sacrificial basins under the old Druidical rite; and if this be true, then the tumuli were likewise the scenes of certain Druidical acts of worship. But other authorities aver that the

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Celtic Druids never offered human sacrifices and that the stone basins are sarcophagi. Thus far there has been too little scientific investigation along these lines to determine beyond a doubt the purpose of these basins in the burial mounds.

But there can be no question as to the antiquity of the mounds. New Grange, in its present condition, reveals at least twenty richly carved stones having all the characteristics of pre-Mycenaen decorative art. Knowledge of this was probably introduced into Ireland by Scandinavian amber seekers for at this period Scandinavia was the only country in Europe where the design of the lozenge surrounded by eight circles enclosed in the scalloped border was used. This design can be traced in all the carvings at New Grange, but with unmistakable Gaelic modifications, for these old Gaels were no mere imitators.

In the recess at the right is found one of the most remarkable of the carved stones. Clearly outlined thereon is the famed ship sign. Other evidences of Ogham writing, still to be deciphered, are found on many of the stones to arouse the interest of the antiquarian and the curiosity of the tourist. What disclosures could be made by these stones put in place thousands of years ago? Could they reveal what long-forgotten implements were used to effect the delicate tracery or by what strange machinery the great stones were swung into place? Were the mounds built by the sweated labor of weary slaves, captives taken by the king on some of his warlike expeditions? Did the artists hope by exhibitions of their skill to win back their freedom? Our scientific journeys have not taken us as yet far enough into the Gaelic past to answer.

Brugh na Boinne is mentioned by the most ancient of Gaelic writers of which there is any record. A twelfth-century writer, the compiler of the Leabhar na-h-Uidhre, or Book of the Dun Cow, writing at Clonmacnoise, declared in that book that so ancient were the structures in the Boyne valley (which were then in an excellent state of preservation) that at that time all knowledge of their origin had been lost. In later times even the knowledge of their existence was lost until the tumulus at New Grange was accidentally discovered by some workmen. The first modern account of the tumuli was given by a Welsh antiquarian in 1699. In 1775 Molyneux, in his Discourse Concerning Danish Mounds, Forts and Towers in Ireland, gives an extended description of the tumuli as they were then. This was followed by Governor Pownal's Sepulchral Monument at New Grange, but in more recent times antiquarians seem again to have lost sight of the mounds. This is unfortunate, for they are, without doubt, among the most remarkable remains of antiquity to be found anywhere, and deserve the serious attention of the scholar and the careful protection of the government to ensure that no further acts of vandalism will be allowed to mar these priceless remains of an almost unknown civilization.

MUSICIAN AND MYSTIC

By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

FRANCIS GRIERSON may have died much less perturbed by the appalling poverty of his last days than are those who knew and loved him and his work, from whom he hid his plight, and who learn the truth too late. His profound reading, in The Valley of Shadows, of the spiritual overtones of crude frontier life in western America of the 1850's, is so veracious as to exclude any doubt that even in childhood he was a mystic. The succession of his nine other books discloses him firm in his faith throughout a long life. To one who believed in "a realm of the mind beyond the limits of category," one always serenely free from the superstition that the visible and tangible world is all, doubtless it did not matter if Los Angeles, whither he went for health, was the very shrine of the tangible, the loud, the speedy and the glittering; doubtless it did not matter so much that he, once the astonishment of Parisian salons and the honored guest of royalty, lay dying, a forgotten old man.

The word "souvenirs" is the most frequent characteristic word in all his writings, for he properly valued the great experiences which had fed his mind, and cherished his great moments as frankly as a child. But though he had to pawn a watch given him by a king of England, the souvenirs of his memory could not be taken from him, no matter how harsh the hand of fate. The case is not so good for this world, this country and this age which let Francis Grierson die such a death. Though he hid, we should have found him out; though he covered need with the mantle of pride, we should have seen to it that, in the shadow of Hollywood, where millions are paid for the gaudiest and most ignorant travesties on human life, this man who had summoned thought out of the deeps to be a kind of motion picture of the eternal mysteries projected against the screen of the material world, should have had at least the security of the anchorite in his cell.

The thing that brought Grierson his earliest and most of his contemporary fame was his perhaps unique power not only of improvising on the piano, but of improvising music which stood comparison with the compositions of the masters. This was surely the most evanescent of all arts, more evanescent than the art of other virtuosi, since it left no written score after the last echo died. Grierson's uncanny power resided less in his amazing hands, with their stretch of an octave and a half, than in his calm mystical confidence that although he was unable to learn musical notation, he could sit down at a piano and create music. The same spirit informs his books, which surely rank with the greatest testaments of mystic faith in modern times.

Grierson was a mystic but not a "misty." He did not reject earth and time and embodied humanity in order to believe in heaven and eternity and the soul. He summoned his thoughts about the eternal verities, sometimes penetrating to the point of vision, by contemplating books—from Shakespeare to Uncle Remus—and men, and visible nature, and the arts, and ideas of which others would have seen only the material significance. The thread of his thought ran rather tenuously through a style of easy distinction, somewhat like the insouciance of Symons, less artful than Maeterlinck, less gemmed and pointed than Emerson, yet not unstudded with such striking figurative expressions as "Truth itself is sometimes like a ruddy apple which requires to be cut in halves before we can tell which portion contains the worm."

Grierson compared the agnostic to a general who, command-

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ing an army, admits that he knows nothing of the strength and movements of the enemy; adding pithily, "It is his business to know." He considered it man's business to know the things that concern man's soul and destiny. He was, however, no scholar emulous of the bookworm; he had always a bright lance in rest for contemporary art and thought, and he compared the man who studies only the past to one who would refuse living guests because all the rooms in his house were crowded with mummies.

The great of the earth who were his familiars in his heyday have gone as he has gone. The country about whose most epic period he wrote the greatest book (The Valley of Shadows) let him die alone and impoverished. But Francis Grierson's books will live and grow in stature as surely as all wise, true and gracious work comes to its own at last.

DANTE AND THE GAELS

By SISTER MAURA

DANTE'S magnificent originality is fed by two fountains, religion and literature. It is supremely to the great artist's credit that he could gather into the melodious current of his verse all the age he lived in had to give: the vitalizing light of Holy Scripture, the goodness of saints, the wisdom of philosophers, the romance and grace of the troubadours, the literary art and epic quality of Vergil, as well as the multiform human activity of his day—all assimilated and transmuted by his creative genius. But one stream that went to swell the mighty river has been ignored; it is the influence of earlier Gaels.

During the years after Saint Patrick's death, the Irish conquered the world and held it for centuries, not by the sword, but by the word of the Gospel and the power of a fine civilization. In Great Britain, in France, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, they preached and taught; their churches and schools dominated Europe, and all they had they shared. Among the literary kinds they brought to perfection, the "immram" or voyage and the "fis" or vision captivated the imagination of Christendom. The Divine Comedy being at once a voyage and a vision, both are of especial interest to Dante lovers. The "immram" must have originated in the visit of some daring Gael to the southern shore of North America by way of Iceland and the northern seas. On this warp of fact, Christian writers wove the beautiful web of their fancies.

In The Voyage of Maelduin's Curagh, which Professor Zimmer refers to the eighth century, it is an Irish prince who sails westward and ever westward in search of the murderer of his father. The island of the races at which he touches, where horses and jockeys resolve themselves into demons, is vaguely like several of the circles of the Inferno; and the huge demon miller of another island, who grinds in his ugly mill all things that have been begrudged on earth, is a conception worthy of Dante. Maelduin finally sails near the sunset Isle of Paradise. Through a doorway in the wall of fire which circles round it, he and his companions can catch now and then a glimpse of the beauty and happiness within, and can hear the delightful sound of festive music. (Purgatorio, the Earthly Paradise.)

Adamnán, the high scholar of the western world, an abbot of the seventh century, journeyed once in spirit through the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns, and left the story to his followers to be told in the Fis Adamnáin (Vision of Little Adam). "The bright land of fair weather" which is his abode of the saints, lies beneath a skyey dome where, rank upon rank, the nine orders of angels are ranged (plan of the Paradiso); company answers company in heavenly harmony. Near Our Lord are His Blessed Mother and the Apostles, and about them are gathered the patriarchs, prophets, disciples, virgins, children, and the angelic "bird-choirs." (Paradiso, XXIII.) The presence of God is brightness ineffable. (Paradiso, XXXIII, 54-82.) Seven walls (Inferno, IV, 106-108) of crystal girdle the heavenly city, and thousands of angels, flaming like great candles, illumine it. (Paradiso, V, 1-3.) Before attaining the vision of God, the soul must pass through seven stages of purification, called heavens, each presided over by an angel. (Plan of Purgatorio.) Those in whose lives neither good nor evil has predominated, must linger (Purgatorio, IV, 130-131) in darkness on "a shore of perpetual pain" until the end of time, then they shall be saved; but the lost shall suffer for all eternity torments that rival and often resemble those of the Inferno in their harrowing ingenuity.

The Vision of Tundale, written by an Irish monk of Ratisbon, relates how a knight of Cashel, "noble in blood, but bloody of deed; fair as to body, but careless about his soul," is taken on a saving journey (Purgatorio, XXX, 136-138) simliar to Dante's. His angel guardian, whom he first sees as "a light like a star" (Purgatorio, II, 13-18) approaching to rescue him from the demons into whose clutches he has fallen, is his guide through the horrors of hell and the joys of heaven. The date of the adventure is given (Inferno, I, 1) as 1149, and before the close of that century, The Vision was translated from the original Latin into many other languages.

By far the most famous version of the "immram" is The Voyage of Saint Brendan; this was known throughout Europe, and became almost a classic in the ninth-century Latin—Peregrinatio Sancti Brandani. In the course of their voyagings, the saintly abbot and his companions spend several happy weeks and celebrate Pentecost on an island where they are entertained by lovely dove-like birds. These are angels (Purgatorio, II, 38, and elsewhere) who sinned, not by pride, but by following Lucifer; now they must dwell forever in the Paradise of Birds. They sing Divine Office with the monks, and accompany the chant with a clapping of their snowy wings which makes a sound as musical as the tinkle of delicate glass. On another island, near the forges of hell, Saint Brendan sees Judas in torment (Inferno, XXXIV, 61-63) and weeps to hear him recount the still greater tortures he must endure; the abbot's compassionate prayer obtains him a night-long respite from these.

Of this Voyage, Renan says: "The poem of Saint Brendan is one of the most marvelous creations of the human spirit and perhaps the most complete expression of the Celtic ideal. Here all is beautiful, pure, and innocent. Never before or since has so sweet and benevolent a glance been cast upon the world; there is not a cruel idea, not a trace of sadness or of repentance. It is the world seen through the crystal medium of a conscience without stain. The very animals share in this universal sweetness. Evil appears in the form of wandering monsters of the deep, or of cyclops prisoned in volcanic islands; but God destroys them the one by the other and will not let them harm the good." (Essais de Morale et de Critique.)

All these visions and voyages are at once literary and charmingly religious; they wear the freshness of the dawn. The Divine Comedy differs from them in magnitude rather than in quality, and owes them motivation as well as detail and the suggestion of incident. Of all writings, these chiefly inspired Dante's masterpiece and helped to shape its art.

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POEMS

Remembrance

A night of watching stars and tides
That whispered in the dark;
Do you remember how we turned
Into the silent park?

I wonder now, across the world,
If there are other gems
As richly set, in tangled spars,
Above the River Thames?

I wonder, off in Belfast town,
If there is any tide
To smell as salt, to lisp as low—
To open arms as wide . . .

And if you now go loitering
Down paths as sweet with dark,
As where my grey ghost wanders still
Within an empty park.

BYRNE MARCONNIER.

Mist Amid Roses

In the pleasant land of Belem
Underneath the Abbey wall,
When the summer rain was falling
In the sweetest month of all;

In the mid-June of deep roses,
In the country rich with flowers,
When the evening brought the falling
Of a multitude of showers,

Dashing perfume from the roses,
Soaking the thick grass in gems
Of bright raindrops, like the falling
Of aerial anadems—

In the wistful land of Belem,
When the evening brought the rain;
Incense spired from drenching roses,
Beauty smote me, sharp as pain.

WILFRED CHILDE.

Bede

I like to think of Bede the pioneer
Bending the Vulgate to a Saxon phrase,
Hoarding his vellum, cherishing the days
On either side Saint John's Eve, and his cheer.
Or follow him folk-gathering in fear
Lest that old thane be gone who knew the ways
Their grandfathers had trod, could sing the lays
Of pagan demon and the haunted mere.

His legacy? Some napery and spice
For housel and for incense, many a tome
That carried light and learning down to Rome.
By the North Sea, in fog and rime and ice,
Rough sheepskin saved the treasure of his art
For me to ponder on the pure in heart.

W. P. REEVES.

Vertige

So close they lean—I am afraid of roses,
As one might be who in a forest clearing
Finds sudden nymphs advancing, disappearing,
And turns from what their pagan rite discloses.

Too overwhelming is the beauty proffered,
The mystery, the langorous unfolding
Of secrets that are not for man's beholding,
Earth-knowledge that the hills hold safely coffered.

The pink, curved flesh of velvet-textured petal,
How did this rise from such a dark embedding?
What underground and sinister black wedding
Produced the thorn, that offspring of the nettle?

The heavy heads, the indolent, proud poses,
The perfumed breathings, like an incense burning—
The daisy's narrow path makes better turning
Than the thick mazes of the swaying roses.

MAY LEWIS.

Locust Leaves

Elm and maple
The Maker carves
In solid finials
Above His fane.

By flowing water
Sycamore scarves
Flutter their laces
To willow rain.

Poplars are lances
That splinter through
The floor of heaven.
An oak-tree cleaves

With saw-edge shining.
None marry the blue
Blossom of summer
Like locust leaves!

DOROTHY LEONARD.

Shadows

Shadows never go; only the sun.
At dusk the purples triumph, and they creep,
Like ether, over earth and bring a sleep.
By day the light has never wholly won.
We never knew a white and shadeless noon:
Behind the house, beneath the tree, the dark
Laughs at the cock and at the distant lark
That cry the day is here and it is June.

We watch the summer and the summer's doom,
And mark the mists that eat the golden sphere.
We find no shadows in a moonless gloom,
But find them only when the skies are clear.
And all our shade is shallow as a dream—
A grey wraith mirrored in the Stygian stream.

CATHERINE MOORE.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND

Fort Washington, Pa.

TO the Editor:—In the communication of Mr. Walter Stuart, it is regrettable that he should have failed to recognize the true causes responsible for Catholics in Scotland having to become hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is also unfortunate that he should have raised the issue at all, because, in order to perceive the background of the present position of both Irish and Highland Catholics in that country, it is very necessary to recall, which I am loath to do, the horribly cruel disabilities under which their forbears labored.

By legal enactments no Catholic was permitted to own land. He was refused education, except that under proselytizing agencies. He was debarred from the learned professions, being ineligible to act as a lawyer or a doctor or to become an officer in the army or navy. He could not own a horse valued at more than $25.00. For many years he was disfranchised and forbidden to be a member of Parliament. In a word, he was civilly dead. William E. Gladstone said of these laws, that they were the most oppressive and cruel ever inflicted upon any nation in civilized history.

When, therefore, Mr. Stuart has the hardihood to state, in face of such historical facts, that the Catholics in Scotland love life in the shades of the underworld, it is, if I speak gently, adding insult to injury. The Catholics of Scotland are in truth emerging from the catacombs of ostracism and, to a large degree, economic pressure. They are no longer surrounded by that former spirit of open aggression but are still combatting a conspiracy of silence which refuses to break to tell the sad story of their spoliation and oppression.

The makers of bricks without straw are proud to be poor, rather than sell their religious birthright for a mess of pottage, or for the opportunity of becoming shipbuilding magnates and coal barons. There are many painful illustrations of the trials endured by these Acadians. One is the history of the pitiable remnant of the brave Catholic Macdonalds of Glengarry. Because of a scarcity in manual labor, the authorities of Glasgow invited the Clan Macdonald to come to that city to work as pottery laborers. They were housed in the east end of the city. But the antagonism of the "refined" and "cultured" Glaswegians against them resulted in their being driven from the city to seek refuge at Antigonish, Nova Scotia. The colony still exists there under Bishop Cameron.

It would be well for the Board of Education in their school history of Scotland to teach their charges a few of the injustices meted out to Scotch and Irish Catholics; in order that in later days these pupils might avoid breaking out into print to display a thorough unacquaintance with the sad events and circumstances which have resulted in past, and to a large extent present, conditions existing among Catholics in Scotland.

It is difficult to speak temperately on this subject. Compelled by dire necessity, Catholics from Ireland and the country places of Scotland herded together in the poorer localities of these strange Scotch towns and cities. Their children were reared in vicious surroundings where, half a century previous to their coming, it was necessary to enact an Infanticide Act, a measure that was made "famous" by Sir Walter Scott in his Heart of Midlothian.

Thanks, however, to the care and teaching of bishops, priests and religious of the Catholic Church in Scotland, the faithful are coming forth from the catacombs, some of them scarred, no doubt, but as a body still Catholic, still moral, and still possessing a strong faith in their Church and Holy Scriptures.

Their traditional love for education is manifested by the two institutes of higher learning in the city of Glasgow: Saint Mungo's Academy and the Jesuit College of Saint Aloysius. These schools almost invariably obtain the highest places in the government secret competitive examinations, held among the high schools of all denominations. These two Catholic high schools were erected upward of eighty years ago by the donations of Catholic denizens of the "shades."

Where did Mr. Stuart obtain his information that the Vatican used "direct action" to have the bishops and priests of Scotland accept the Education Act of 1918? A slight knowledge of canon law would have told him that a Catholic bishop has rights, such as the case under consideration, which even the Pope of Rome must not infringe upon.

Mr. Stuart by his "imperium in imperio" and also his "direct action of the Vatican" introduces a clever yet false implication as subtle as Mr. Marshall's letter to Governor Smith.

I again apologize for having to deal with errors better perhaps forgotten. But truth and justice demand that they be dragged out of the limbo of forgiven but not forgotten offenses.

THOMAS FLANAGAN.

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of May 18, Mr. Walter Stuart disagrees, rather vehemently, with what he imagines to be the thesis of my article, The Church in Scotland. I did not state nor, I think, imply, that the condition of what Mr. Stuart calls the "unfortunate people," i.e., the Catholics of Scotland, was mainly due to "oppressive tactics by the non-Catholics of Scotland." I laid due emphasis on the economic and political difficulties arising from the Irish peasant origin of most of the faithful.

I did deal, at some length, with the educational situation, making no attacks on anyone for the old system. I am not aware that "the Education Act of 1918, inspired by the then Minister of Education, Sir M. A. L. Fisher, was bitterly opposed by every member of the Scottish Catholic Episcopal save one." Surely Mr. Stuart must be aware that the English Education Department has no control over Scottish education? No credit for the Act of 1918 belongs to the Secretary for Scotland (Mr. Robert Munro) and his permanent officials. I am aware that the terms offered were strongly opposed by the late Archbishop of Glasgow, and that his opposition would have been fatal but for the action of Rome. I stated this in my first draught, deleting it for no better motive than a memory of the counsel de mortuis.

That there is a certain amount of Masochism in the attitude of the average Catholic in Scotland is, unfortunately, true. From a realization of legal inferiority came a rooted suspicion of Protestants, even if, or, especially if, dona ferentes. This is the catacumbal psychology. Now that we have left the catacombs, I hope our psychology will change. Mr. Stuart, of course, denies the egress from the catacombs. In reply, I can only assert it. A man may quit the catacombs and, keeping his eyes shut, remain in darkness. Nevertheless, he can, if he chooses, see the light. Mr. Stuart and I differ in our opinion of the likelihood of his choosing.

Finally, as I think my article shows, I am aware of a good deal of dirty linen that could be aired (it could hardly be

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washed) before those who read this paper; but even if I agreed with Mr. Stuart as to the expediency of doing so, what right have we to expect to use The Commonweal as a laundry?

DENIS W. BROGAN.

FATHER FURDEK—LEADER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I am exceedingly pleased to express herewith my enthusiasm for the brilliant article on Father Furdek written by Mr. Stephen J. Palickar for The Commonweal of June 8.

The article, which is a very valuable and interesting biographical sketch of one of the most able leaders the American Slovaks ever had, portrays the true character of Reverend Stephen Furdek and his untiring zeal in the interest of his people whom he loved so much. Father Furdek has done more then any other man to make and shape the true American-Slovak character. He was an ambitious man and an indefatigable worker who had not only built up the culture, civism and religion of the American-Slovak citizenry, but the Czech as well. Aside from his social achievements amongst the Slovaks of this country, he did a great deal in the study of astronomy, physics and chemistry. Possibly it was this that prompted him to write his book on The World and Its Mysteries.

I have taken the liberty of reprinting Mr. Palickar's article in the Slovak v Amerike (the Slovak in America) which is one of the American-Slovak journals printed in the Slovak language.

JOHN C. SCIRANKA.
Editor of Slovak v Amerike.

METHODS OF CATHOLIC PROPAGANDA

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The powerful undercurrent of religious bigotry and racial intolerance ever present beneath the surface and now and then taking form and shape and rising to the top for air when the atmosphere is congenial and exhilarating, proves beyond cavil or serious doubt that the Catholic Church has made little, if any, progress in removing the suspicions and evil imputations of yesterday from the minds of the present generation.

In the large metropolitan centres, where races and creeds of every denomination are constantly mingling, the virus of religious and racial hatred is noticeably lacking, and this fact gives rise to the theory that contact is superior to education in spanning the gap that apparently separates the Catholic citizen from his Protestant brethren. This, I believe, is the underlying thought in Theodore Maynard's admirable article in America (January 24, 1925) under the caption, The Best Method of Catholic Propaganda. The rural districts, on the other hand, deprived as they are of this social solvent, prove a fertile soil for the seeds of intolerance.

The public library—one of the most potent influences for good in the life of the nation today—might very easily be used to introduce the Catholic mind and spirit to the countless thousands that live in Stygian darkness as far as any real knowledge of the Catholic Church is concerned. The lack of Catholic books and periodicals in the rural public libraries is astounding, and in the great majority of instances this condition exists on account of the complete indifference to the matter on the part of the Catholic population, and what is more, the Catholic clubs and societies.

Many persons who would hesitate to seek the facts from the logical source—Catholic authorities—will quietly slip home with a book to the seclusion of their study to see and read what the Papists have to say for themselves. Would not, for instance, Spaulding's Reformation—in which Protestant authorities are called upon to defend the Church—exert some influence on the minds of those who have hitherto accepted as axiomatic everything that was written or spoken against the Church? Would not a constant reading of The Commonweal dispel, for example, in the case of Mexico, the absurd contention that Catholics are attempting to bring about war between the two nations?

Would not the perusal of the weekly diocesan papers give the lie to the belief that the clergy attempt to influence or control elections, since the critics would look in vain for any dogmatic utterances on the part of the clergy regarding politics and things political? Our Catholic organizations and societies could employ their time and energies to no better purpose than to take immediate steps to have a fair representation of Catholic literature placed side by side with the controversial works of Protestant writers on the shelves of our rural libraries.

JAMES F. DESMOND.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor:—My experience in regard to Protestant controversy is the same as that of your correspondent in your issue of May 18. It is simply impossible and better avoided. One cannot discuss anything (even the weather) with people who begin by disbelieving what we say.

A fairly intelligent woman (but obviously one without good manners) once told me, at a social function, that "I could tell any lie I wanted for twenty-five cents"; but when I told her that she could do the same without paying anything, she could not see this.

If asked honest questions and giving honest answers, we are not believed, either because of our supposed ignorance, or certain untruthfulness, I often think, as your correspondent does: "Why put the question at all?"

Still, we must always hope that some few may believe us—and continue on our weary road.

ANN INGERSOLL MEIGS.

IRELAND AND INDEPENDENCE

Cork, Ireland.

TO the Editor—In The Commonweal of February 16 occurred the phrase, "Now that Ireland is independent." Professor Stockley, with terseness and logic unanswerable, showed in your issue of April 13 that if words had any meaning, Ireland was not independent—yet, nor could it be, while the present régime lasts.

But again in your issue of April 27 we read from the pen of one of the assistant editors this sapient remark: "With the entry of Ireland into the ranks of the free nations," and one cannot help wondering why a reputable paper like The Commonweal tolerates the repetition of such a falsehood. Would any self-respecting American citizen be satisfied with the thing miscalled freedom in Ireland?

No! Ireland is not free, but Ireland shall be—not with any sham freedom, shackled to an alien empire, but with that freedom which is her right.

MARY MACSWINEY.

(Diligent search has failed to bring to light the phrase, "Now that Ireland is independent," which Dr. Stockley professed to have found in The Commonweal.—The Editors.)

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OBI IN THE CARIBBEAN

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The article on Obi in the Caribbean in your issue of June 1, has much of interest. However, it is a little far-fetched to ascribe to ancient Carthage the opprobrium attached by the Virgin Islander to the term "worthless old Cartagène." The reference is clearly to Cartagena, Colombia, which in its prime was the chief slave-mart of the new world. A creole or native Negro always looked down with great contempt on the "oversea niggers" directly imported from Africa. He was himself at least a generation removed from the misery and squalor of the slave-ship.

Then, too, the term obeah or obi is seemingly extended from its own technical meaning to every form of West Indian witchcraft or superstition. This mistake is a common one, and no doubt Mr. Whitehead has gathered his data in those West Indian Islands of which I know practically little. My own experience has been somewhat restricted and this may make me over-exacting in the precise meaning of the word. Five years in Jamaica, much of the time in the heart of the "bush," has familiarized me with the local obeah and kindred superstitions. I have further gathered much information about Haitian, and in a less degree about Cuban practices, in part at least from natives of these islands. But such second-hand material is at best only half reliable. The West Indian black, no less than his brother of the States, tries to satisfy "Bockra Massa" by giving whatever answer will please the most, regardless of objective reality.

Even in Jamaica, obeah, duppyism, myallism, etc., are commonly confused by the inexperienced, while as a matter of fact they are in some essential respects quite antagonistic. Thus, myallism, actually a residue of the old religious tribal dance of the Ashanti of West Africa, at times devotes itself to "digging up" or destroying obeah, which in its strict sense is the survival of Ashanti witchcraft.

The very word obeah is the white man's effort to transliterate the Ashanti term for witchcraft, obayi, as heard from the lips of the early Ashanti slaves who were usually known as Koromantyns. Pure obeah, then, is essentially Ashanti in origin, just as vaudouxism is derived from the snake-worshippers of Dahomey. No doubt in many West Indian Islands there must be a conglomeration of obeah, vaudouxism, and the tribal forms of witchcraft from other parts of Africa, and from these Mr. Whitehead may have drawn his information. But in Jamaica, where the Ashanti influence was paramount among the slaves, obeah in its purest form may be studied even today despite the strict government regulations against its practice. Moreover, while vaudouxism is practically unknown in Jamaica, I understand that in Haiti, where the Ashanti were excluded and the Dahomeyans exercised the dominant influence among the slaves, this form of ophiolatreia reigns supreme.

JOSEPH J. WILLIAMS, F.A.G.S.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In his exceedingly interesting article, Obi in the Caribbean, in your issue of June 1, Mr. Henry S. Whitehead notes that among the Negroes of the Virgin Islands, "Carthaginian" is a term of opprobrium. But hasn't Mr. Whitehead gone pretty far afield in associating the term with Carthage in Africa, and an evil reputation of that city which was altogether Roman and not African? Let me suggest that on the Caribbean shore of Colombia there is a "Cartagena" which has certain historical associations with piracy.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Players Give Julius Caesar

IT IS one of the curiosities of America that cities other than New York have probably seen Shakespeare's Julius Caesar far more frequently than the supposed metropolis of art itself. For this we have to thank the devotion of Mr. Robert Mantell, who has so often included this classic in the repertory of his touring company. As a matter of fact, Julius Caesar, when well presented, can be a much finer and more stirring play than the average school-boy, forced to dissect its noble verses, would admit. In the present revival by The Players, there are many moments when it seems to catch the full breath of life and to hold forth a rumor of how truly great it might be in the hands of some director genius. Its failures are those occasioned by the nature of the revival itself—the comparatively short time allowed for rehearsals, and the necessity of throwing together a cast from those members of the profession who happened to have an available free week.

First of all in distinction come the settings by Norman Bel Geddes. With his usual flare for telling simplicity, Mr. Geddes has built nearly all of his effects around a few columns so lighted and arranged as to give an unmistakably authentic mood without the least effort at popular realism. He has attempted nothing bizarre, nothing so ultra-modern, for example, that it professes to reflect the mood of the characters by twisted or distorted walls. That would hardly be in keeping with the rather grave and classic approach expected of The Players. But he has taken the best of modern knowledge of line, mass and lighting, and produced a blended result that heightens the drama without needless distraction—an altogether admirable bit of stagecraft.

The direction of the mob scenes by John Craig also has a touch of genius. Shakespeare probably never vented his spleen so completely as in his ridicule of the psychology of mobs in this play. He shows them as the most imbecile of sheep, utterly at the mercy of clever speech and dominant personality, and unleavened even by that quiet cynicism which we observe occasionally in modern times. Yet he knows thoroughly well the importance of the mob to the course of human events. Even while belittling the popular mind, he exalts the popular power. Thus the mob plays an overwhelmingly dramatic part in Julius Caesar. John Craig has sensed this keenly and has put a life and vitality and movement into the mob scenes which reach, and convey to the audience, an intense excitement. Without detracting in the least from the excellent work of James Rennie as Mark Antony, it is safe to say that it is John Craig's mob which gives the burial scene of Caesar its amazing sweep and drama.

The cast assembled for this occasion is a rather imposing one, although it includes many names furthest from general association with Shakespeare—notably Basil Rathbone as Cassius, James Rennie as Mark Antony, and Marion Coakley as Calpurnia. To balance this we have William Courtleigh as Caesar, Tyrone Power as Brutus, and Mary Young as Portia. There is thus an interesting mixture of the trained and the untrained Shakespeareans. The work of Mr. Courtleigh is above reproach, dignified, supple and replete with authority. His excellent voice enables him to give his lines naturally and without intoning. He would, to my mind, have made a far better Brutus than Tyrone Power, who manages somehow to portray Brutus in the dullest of terms—a man in whose struggle and fate no one could possibly take a keen emotional interest. It

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would be unfair to refer to Mr. Power's method as "old school," because, whatever its faults of overstatement, the old-school method called for fire and vigor and emotional contrast. Mr. Power succeeds in turning all his speeches into monotonous and funereal utterances. Mr. Courtleigh, on the other hand, lends variety to his words, giving them a rhythm and grace and sparkle which sustain the feeling of action and drama.

The real surprise of the occasion is James Rennie. He is probably the last man one would suspect of having Shakespearean talent, yet he comes out of the ordeal quite triumphantly. Not that he succeeds completely in bringing his husky and somewhat twangy accents under full control. There are moments when his r's have an all too generous burr. But his achievement must be measured in positive rather than negative terms. He bears up surprisingly well, even when competing with the carefully trained voices of Messrs. Power and Courtleigh. And over and above this surface accomplishment, he brings to the part a truly thrilling energy and reserve force. His burial oration brought new values to those hackneyed words and made them ring with the full conviction of triumph. If one had to choose between the vocal perfection of the trained Shakespearean and the acting integrity of Mr. Rennie, it is the latter's work which would lend the real magic of drama to the play. His sheer virility and earnestness more than compensate for the roughness of his method.

Unfortunately one cannot say as much for Basil Rathbone as Cassius, although I suspect that Mr. Rathbone has had far more Shakespearean training than Mr. Rennie. In the first place, Mr. Rathbone is too young for the part, and takes no trouble to lend himself a believable age. He might be Caesar's son, but never his contemporary—one who could have carried him from the waves of Tiber and afford to boast of it. Then, in a mistaken attempt to modernize the feeling of his lines, he only succeeds in making them jerky and petulant. This deprives him of all illusion of authority. His gestures and movements, too, are angular and without repose. He is no fit protagonist for Brutus, and for this reason many of the scenes between the two men, particularly the famous quarrel scene in the tent, lose most of their dramatic significance. There is dignity and sweep to Mr. Rennie's work, but none to Mr. Rathbone's.

The minor parts, as usual in a Players revival, are all taken by noted actors, including James T. Powers as the cobbler, and Pedro de Cordoba, Joseph Kilgour and others as the conspirators. It goes without saying that these men lend an importance to their brief scenes never felt in the average Shakespearean company assmbled for the benefit of one or two stars. The same is true of the individuals composing John Craig's mob. They enhance the mob feeling through the very individuality of their portrayals—a common stage paradox. In the short women's parts, it is, of course, Mary Young as Portia who gives the most completely satisfying performance. She has grace and charm and a truly lovely diction. Marion Coakley's Calpurnia is a vision of beauty, but vocally rather deficient, her voice running too far and too lightly up and down the scale. Mary Eaton, of Ziegfeld Follies fame, gives a quite delightful performance as Brutus' page, Lucius. And thus we have, in all, a very mixed performance, but one of amazing vitality once the handicaps have been discounted. It only remains now for some farseeing director to assemble a capable all-round cast and to let us see just how fine Shakespeare can be when divorced from the idea of a star vehicle. We must insist, however, that this mythical cast include James Rennie. His is the outstanding performance of the present revival.

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BOOKS

France and America, by André Tardieu. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $3.00.

THE latest book of M. André Tardieu, Minister of Public Works in France, sometime High Commissionnaire of France in the United States, and one of the "coming men" of French politics, is one of the most honest and courageous volumes published for many years. It gives a complete and fair idea of what French-American relations have been since 1770. It is extraordinarily rich, full of facts, ideas, suggestions, historical views and predictions. But its main value consists in being a sincere inquiry and in expressing clearly what the great mass of French people think of America.

Frankness and accuracy are two qualities of extraordinary value in the field of international relations, and they are very rare because they are dangerous. So many people are interested in preventing nations from telling what they think. Diplomats have been created and are kept precisely for that purpose. International bankers, pacifist propagandists, great preachers, fashionable travelers, although they differ on all points, agree on the necessity of being polite rather than accurate. And they may be often right. Moreover, who can be sure of knowing the people's opinion? Shall we say that the newspapers express the feelings and judgments of a nation, or that they try to interpret them, or that they strive to mold them? In many countries the newspapers are not free from financial preoccupations, which seem to oblige them to be on friendly and even intimate intercourse with discreet agents of foreign governments. In other countries newspapers are rich enough to despise the governments; but they rely on the economic prosperity of the country and they need the cordial collaboration of industry. Important newspapers with a large circulation can no longer afford to be free, and young newspapers which have to win a public for themselves would not dare to be imprudent. And they have very few means for ascertaining the deep tendencies of the people at large. Their reporters and editors are technicians who see mostly their colleagues and the small group of intelligent people, eager to hear about what is going on. They may be intelligent or stupid, imaginative or matter-of-fact, they are rarely representative, typical of their nation.

M. Tardieu has been in a position to feel and to realize the reactions of France and the United States toward each other. His experience as a High Commissioner in war-time and afterward as Minister in France has given him opportunities not only of seeing and hearing what Americans thought, but of learning how they acted, worked and fought. In a critical period he had to organize the collaboration of the two nations, and this meant dealing not with idle words, but the most vital facts. The great value of this experience is due not only to outside circumstances, which gave such importance to M. Tardieu's mission, but also to his personal disposition and mental make-up, which enabled him to keep his head clear and to register everything accurately at a time when he worked and fought strenuously. In the book he gives us today we find traces of all that. It is not merely an intelligent summing up of a difficult problem, but a powerful confession, and it reads like a novel. Thus, practically, and by all available mediums, M. Tardieu has been able to ascertain what French people and American people have in common, and what has been the basis of their understandings and misunderstandings.

The picture he gives may seem rather black. Hardly ever have the two nations been well informed about each other. They have enthused over things and people they did not know, and consequently have always been the prey of strong reactions after the periods of most ardent love and common idealism. Their essential differences (we could say, according to M. Tardieu, oppositions) have been sometimes hidden and never properly adjusted. They have played a kind of hide-and-seek in which there was always one of the two whose eyes were blindfolded, and sometimes both were in the dark. The psychological analysis of M. Tardieu is clear, strong, convincing. It is a great contribution to international good will and French-American friendship. It gives an idea not only of what Americans and French people happened to think at special times, but of their general methods and habits of thinking, acting, working.

The only objection I could make to M. Tardieu is that he may undervalue an element which is dangerous and difficult to appreciate exactly, but the importance of which should not be denied: namely, this disposition to understand each other in crises of great excitement which seems to be, after all, one of the characteristics of French-American collaboration. These two countries have never known each other well and have never approached the great problems of life from the same point of view and with the same method. But when they were facing an imminent danger, when they had to forget everything and go ahead, both of them had a way of throwing aside prejudices and fighting with nerves, which established between them a spontaneous and instinctive understanding. Their minds, their civilizations, are absolutely different, but there is in their character a certain deep similarity which great dangers, violent joys and excitements suddenly reveal. Instances are periods from 1775 to 1782 and from 1916 to 1919, as well as the fresh example of the Lindbergh flight to Paris and his reception by the French public.

But Mr. Tardieu is certainly right in not wishing that this mysterious sympathy which flashes at times should be given an over-emphasis, because it is merely an instinctive thing and would be spoiled if one tried to make it otherwise. It can only keep its value if it is spontaneous and disinterested.

BERNARD FAY.

The Worship of Nature, by Sir J. G. Frazer. New York: The Macmillan Company. Volume I. $4.00.

THAT the worship of natural objects, the sun, the sky, the earth and so on, is common amongst primitive races and formerly was so amongst others of much higher civilization, is well known to all ethnologists; but they and all serious readers are indebted to Sir James Frazer for the immense stores of learning which he has placed at their service on this topic. That is a feature which this book shares with his other works; and, as in them, we have again to note the curiously wrong-headed conclusions at which he often arrives from the facts which he has accumulated. Certain black races in Central Africa have a story of the fall of man. It is pretty obvious that they have not learned it from missionaries of any kind: may it not, therefore, be that the early Jewish writers learned this myth (as he describes it) from Negro sources!

When one reads any such book as this on primitive ideas, especially religious ideas, one is always assailed with two questions, apart from the fundamental one as to whether the native is really telling the truth to his interrogator: How far does the native really understand the significance of his statements? And how far does his interlocutor understand the native turn of mind? For an example of the first: A sky-god is a commonplace of comparative religion—Zeus was one and there are hundreds of others; but when one talks of the worship of

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the sky, does that mean the material sky, or the sky as the symbol of Deity or the sky as the residence of Deity? It is quite clear that some savages make the distinction. "Mawu is not the sky, but he has his dwelling in the sky"—such is the pronouncement of the Ewe-speaking peoples of western Africa as to their Supreme Being; on the other hand, other natives, when pressed, express their inability to say which of the two beliefs represents theirs. Of the interlocutor's inability to comprehend the native mind there is also an excellent example in this book. A missionary in Papua was interrogating a native as to what he called the souls of trees and inanimate objects. "How can the table have a soul since the soul of the tree fled when it was cut down?" was the poser offered to the native. "How could the table be here, as such, if it had no soul to hold it together?" was the return. The missionary appealed to the labors of the carpenter, but his servant scraping a little dust from under the woodwork said that the table would go on wasting away thus and when it had completely wasted then and not till then would its soul depart. Moreover—"he stretched his right hand to me and said: 'Each of these little pellets between my fingernails has its soul; if it had not we could not see it, it could not be.' Such were his views of the omnipresence of the soul."

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the missionary was not a Catholic for, had he been, he would have appreciated the figure of Aristotle in the native's loin-cloth as Tacitus did the figure of Pythagoras under the cloaks of the Druids in Britain. For the whole philosophy of matter and form was in this savage's mind. But the Protestant having never studied scholastic philosophy misunderstood his servant or at least in no way appreciated the profundity of his thought.

It is not necessary to press the importance of this book on those who know the author's other works. It is, of course, one which must join them on the shelves of any good library.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The New Medical Follies, by Morris Fishbein. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

AS I look at my grandchild playing casually in the sun I cannot suppress a groan, for I realize the inadequacy of any false white beard of mine to counteract the devastating materialism of a generation that knows all about sex and Santa Claus (through juvenile ignorance of the essential spiritual significance and symbolism of either). A few years ago one might have hoped that survival of a dreadful childhood, through whose windows in the grey of the morning no pyxies ever flitted, might win for our children the right to a specified freedom (of the July Fourth type) in their adult years. Not if Dr. Fishbein has his way. Not if his cunning can prevail. What secular goddess inspired the sub-title: An Encyclopaedia of Cultism and Quackery in these United States, with Essays on the Cult of Beauty, the Craze for Reduction, Rejuvenation, Eclecticism, Bread and Dietary Fads, Physical Therapy, and a Forecast as to the Physician of the Future"? Follies? Aye, and vanities and scandals, all in one.

Alas, I am a thoroughly orthodox medico. Eclecticism and homoeopathy hold no novelty for me. Psychoanalysis tinges no dreams of mine. The Secret of Staying Young as published for a small consideration (and cheap at the price) by the Vital-O-Gland Company, with testimonials from men eighty-two, eighty-three and eighty-four years of age thrown in, does not clutter up my shelves. I seek not the door of the alluring Premier Epilation Salon. Not mine the suit at law against the face-lifting, fat-removing enthusiast, not mine the

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complaint alleging that "the defendant attempted to remove superfluous flesh from her ankles, but that it became necessary to amputate both legs." (N. B., How are we degenerate! In other and nobler times he was sung as hero, who "when his legs were hewn off, he fought upon his stumps.") Never a beat skips my heart at osteopathy, limpio-comerology, geotherapy, poropathy, vita-o-pathy and its thirty-six young pathies, from prana-yana to chirothesia. I only murmur "Shades of George M. Pullman!" and pass on.

But, oh, offspring, progeny! If you read Dr. Fishbein, as I am sure you will, you will lose the one delusion of the generation whose happiest hours of youth were spent in the company of the dog-faced boy and the ossified man. Listen to the song of our sole surviving siren:

"The warm pink glow of a perfectly rounded elbow is a joy unconfined to the exacting woman whose social obligations are insistent and many. Harriet I. Nash has made a perfect elbow possible to all by her elbow beautifier. The wrinkles and dullness (dullness is a good word) "common to many elbows are no longer embarrassments to be endured."

So go to Dr. Fishbein, thou eighth wife of Bluebeard. His the little gold key that opens the forbidden door. His the grim duty—and joy, mayhap—to shatter this last remaining ideal of the race. Pandora be your pyxie! But read him anyhow and have a good time laughing at our fellow-gullibles. He has a well-controlled sense of humor, and he is admirably sound.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

The Making of a Minister, by Charles R. Brown. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

CATHOLIC clergymen are occupied with duties even more important than preaching and pastoral visitation; but the case is quite different with the Protestant ministry, since in most Protestant denominations the preacher is the centre of all things. With eyes all the more critical because of his narrower limitations, his congregation will scrutinize the minister's learning, personal magnetism, moral character, and practical abilities; and one is not surprised to find those individual qualities usually covered by the term "personality" over-emphasized. The Protestant minister's success or failure is almost entirely dependent upon his sheer personal ability to inspire the positive love of his parishioners.

The business of Protestant theological seminaries, it must follow, is to turn out young men who will be able to satisfy the exacting demands of congregations, which, in the main, regard a minister as a hired man who primarily preaches for them and serves them rather than Almighty God. Although it is recognized more or less vaguely that a minister should be a servant of God as well as of his people, the chief task of pastoral theology, in Protestant terms, is to fit the seminarian for adjustment to the people as he may find them.

Now, as a book of practical instructions to the end of preparing the seminarian for his first pastorate, this syllabus of lectures, delivered over a period of some years to students of the Yale Divinity School by Dean Brown, cannot be excelled. Could there be a happy combination of Dr. Brown's conception of ministerial dignity and purposefulness with the orthodoxy of such a divine as Dr. I. M. Haldeman, pastor of the First Baptist Church, New York City, a most effective and edifying type of the Protestant ministry would be produced. But, even as East and West can never meet, so neither can modernist and fundamentalist meet except in the supernatural alembic of Catholicism.

Dr. Brown rightly insists on real scholarship in him who would sow the seed of the kingdom. The minister of God will find it necessary to grapple with the complex problems of a highly industrialized civilization; and, taking it bye and large, here fundamentalism is helpless. It relies, in the main, on "One-Book" men who appear to think that "a call to preach" and a superficial knowledge of texts out of the King James version are quite sufficient to make their ministry effective.

Within these limitations Dr. Brown has written an interesting book, and even Catholic priests could read to great advantage his fine chapter on The Minister Among Men. There should be more emphasis on the manly courage of Christ; and the Catholic pulpit also should resound with denunciations of that capitalistic greed which denies a living wage to the laborer. Kindliness, charity and the avoidance of fleshly lusts may, after all, as Dr. Brown says, conceivably be regarded as virtues more feminine than masculine. There is a danger that even the Catholic Church may lose its influence with laboring men unless, as Father C. C. Martindale strongly advises, the clergy preach nine sermons in favor of social justice to every one against birth-control. The woman may continue to attend, but the working-man will be estranged unless the note of justice is heard with that of charity.

This reviewer wishes he could say as much for Dr. Brown's doctrinal soundness; but Dr. Brown is more exercised with "the form" of Christianity than its power. He seems to forget that "the gospel is good news, not good advice." In emphasizing "the moral and spiritual" aspect of the life of Christ, rather than the "magical," it is true that he is in agreement with the best Protestant minds of today; but the conviction that the Virgin Birth and Bodily Resurrection of Christ are vital elements of Christianity is inescapable. Without the Incarnation by the Virgin Birth, one may say with all due reverence, it would have been impossible for God to give to man so great a salvation; and it was by the Death and Resurrection of Christ that the Divine identification with man became complete and salvation man's assured possession. The Christ of the modernist is "Divine" only in the sense that He was morally better than all other men and was able, because of His extraordinary personality, more effectively than all other religious teachers to arouse the moral sensibilities of mankind.

ROBERT R. HULL.

On High Hills: Memories of the Alps, by Geoffrey Winthrop Young. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.00.

IN ONE of those delightful essays in Hills and the Sea, Hilaire Belloc inquires concerning the emotion produced by the sight of mountains which has "bitten deeply into the modern mind." However, he hazards no explanation of this "modern attraction in mountains," nor does he go on to analyze the impulse lying at the root of the modern sport of mountaineering.

Some of us who were boys when Tyndall's name was still one to conjure with—what a memory of late Victorianism!—remain grateful for the thrills enjoyed in the reading of those Alpine adventures which represented the "scientist's" lighter, and more valuable, interludes. Perhaps that youthful thrill brought one nearest to an understanding of the spirit of mountaineering: it is another form of the spirit of adventure. But the present book, by a well-known English Alpine climber, suggests lines of thought leading to a deeper analysis. Within the pages of conscientious record, calm description of external nature and of human moods and states of mind, humorous reminiscence and technical details, one senses the spirit of asceticism and the embracing of a set of values and criteria

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which make light of ordinary prudence and common sense. There is a kinship on the natural plane with supernaturalized adventurers like Saint Ignatius Loyola and Father Ricci or the French Jesuits in seventeenth-century Canada. How else are we to explain the modern Alpinist—his arduous training, his daily and even hourly risk of life and limb, his ready acceptance of pain and discomfort? To say that he does all this merely to get to the top of a certain mass of uptilted strata is no answer. Nor does he climb for the sake of views and scenery alone. In the 364 pages of Mr. Young's book there are comparatively few pieces of descriptive writing for its own sake and none of those rhapsodies we are accustomed to in the annual crop of books about Italian "spells" and "years" and "picturesque" this or the other country.

Your true mountain-climber seems to be urged on by that instinct for the difficult and the perilous for its own sake which appears to manifest itself whenever men become sated with the comfort and security of excessive civilization. In this connection, one is grateful to the author for establishing a relation between adventure and discipline at a time when the spirit of adventure, whether in the physical or spiritual sense, is often regarded as concomitant with the rejection of all discipline. "It is, after all, a venerable spirit of adventure which drives us out to find, as we may, the discipline which alone can make a useful—or what once was called a manly—business of our short life. Progress, in the sense of change for the better, depends upon the survival among us of this unrestful spirit, and upon each individual finding for it a disciplined way of service."

This attempt to isolate one or two aspects of the mountaineering spirit as it is displayed in the present work must not give the impression that the book is merely or even to any extent a piece of subjective writing. It is full of adventure, the more impressive for the restraint shown in the telling—one may instance the account of the Täschhorn climb—and of practical information on routes and on matters of equipment and technique for which all Alpinists will be grateful.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS.

The Four Mysteries of the Faith, by Monsignor Kolbe. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.25.

IN THIS treatise Monsignor Kolbe reduces the synthesis of Catholic dogmatic teaching to four mysteries, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Mystical Body and the Eucharist. He discusses "how these mysteries were revealed, how and why they have ever here or there been lost, what their relations are to one another, and what our attitude should be toward them." The volume is meant to be a short and light appeal to the average layman's mind—"a concise little treatise of lay theology."

It certainly gives a brief synopsis of a theological course. But it would require more than the average layman's knowledge of theological matters to enable him to appreciate many of Monsignor Kolbe's studies. The writer claims that his book is in substantial agreement with Scheeben's Mysteries of Christendom. Father De la Taille, in his criticism of the work, states that "the general trend of the doctrine is not only orthodox but strikingly true to the inner sense of Catholic dogma." Such authority is not to be taken lightly, but the reviewer is left with the impression that Monsignor Kolbe reduces to a minimum the importance of nature and the natural in God's plan.

In his view, the philosophical basis of this treatise is, to say the least, a little unsound. The author quite openly denies

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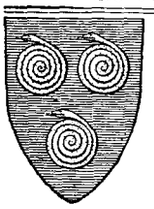
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that we have any direct knowledge of reality. He seems to forget that knowledge is an assimilative process. As Saint Thomas puts it: "What is understood is in the intellect, not according to its own nature, but according to its likeness; for the stone is not in the soul, but its likeness is. . . . Yet it is the stone which is understood, not the likeness of the stone, except by reflection of the intellect on itself; otherwise the objects of the sciences would not be things but only intelligible species." The object is known before the idea of the object, though the object is known according to the knowing faculty's mode. Note how erroneously the author states that "we only have direct knowledge of the soul." Also, what can this mean—"The subjective i. e. our feelings, fancies, dreams, thoughts and intentions are nothing in themselves, nor do they become 'things' until they have expressed themselves in some external form"? These and like philosophical inaccuracies give a weak and unstable foundation to the theological presentation which follows.

The reader will find the author's treatment of the Corpus Mysticum especially interesting though he may not see any need for a week being given over to the celebration of the glories of the Church under this title. A little more knowledge of the liturgy imparted to the faithful would keep before their minds the idea of the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ. Monsignor Kolbe further sees the Apocalypse as "the fullest manifestation of all the four mysteries which make up the Temple of God, not only in their separate glories but in their interrelation and due proportion." The parallelism that is drawn between the actions of the Mass and those of the Apocalyptic "scene" is ingenious, but it does not succeed in being convincing.

The Four Mysteries of the Faith reveals vast knowledge of theology and the cognate sciences. It also shows how united the whole of Catholic theology is—a thought that is not so often developed.

JOHN S. MIDDLETON.

Poetry of Today: An Anthology, edited by Rosa M. R. Mikels and Grace Shoup. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.20.

STILL another contemporary anthology—an intelligent, painstaking collection distinguished by taste and decorum—for the education of readers who desire to be informed of that strange activity called poetry which is supposed to be the fine flowering of the human soul and intellect.

Some notes on versification indicate that the editors have had the educational problem well in mind in compiling their book. Their restraint in limiting most of the poets to one sample of their work, and a general breadth of judgment that defeats any criticism that they are forwarding particular brands of poetry, old or new, at the expense of others, give their book real distinction.

It is the fashion among certain authors to belittle the work of contemporary anthologists, especially in the field of living writers, and it may be conceded that only after death should an author or poet be given his final judgment. Yet in these days of publicity incubators, new-born and unborn poets cry out for critical courts to try their cases, to hatch out their immediate ambitions. This can be done formally only in a comparative presentation of their work, as is attempted—not without some hazards—by these anthologists. The Misses Mikels and Shoup's collection of Poetry of today admirably meets these local and modern conditions.

GARRET LEWALYS.

BRIEFER MENTION

The Idea of Social Justice, by Charles W. Pipkin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

AMERICAN students of economics have provided the general reader with a series of good books in which political, economic and social conditions in modern European countries are surveyed. Dr. Pipkin is a worthy successor of Lowell, Dicey and Moon, though his work is quite independent of theirs. While reflecting to some extent the "democratic optimism" of the Oxford School, he provides a comprehensive and accurate panorama of what has been done abroad during recent years on behalf of social justice. Both the idealism of Sidney Webb and the intransigeance of Belloc are repudiated; and the conclusion is adopted that democratic institutions and democratic faith have expressed in increasingly large measure the social aspirations of the needy majority. One concedes that the picture is relatively true—and no picture can be more than relatively true, when one bears the perspective in mind—for England; but Dr. Pipkin is not nearly so much at home in French social action, although his work in the field is conscientious and vast in scope. All in all, one recommends the book highly to students of social justice as that has been expressed since the beginning of the nineteenth century. That it contains passages with which one does not agree may be taken for granted.

A Blade for Sale, by David Lindsay. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.00.

A GENTLEMAN who preferred blondes is one M. de Mailly, whose adventures chanced to be staged in the grim, reeking Paris of that year of alleged grace, 1700. This Ralph Roister-Doister, with the ready rapier and the heart of gold, is by turn (at every turn might be the proper phrasing) duelist, roué, rescuer, abductor, cavalier and lover. Drinking a great deal of '76 Spanish red, he smashes through many pages—far too many, in fact—playing at the usual high stakes, scattering the inevitable epithets of that beleagured day: "Peste! Pardieu! Mordieu! Corbleu!" Otherwise his conversation, although of portentous length and frequency, is negligible. This story is in quite the approved style of costume-fiction, a far-flung line toward the cinema.

A Short History of Italian Art, by Adolfo Venturi; translated by Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

IN A handsome volume with 300 excellent illustrations, Adolfo Venturi traces the history of Italian art from its Christian beginnings in Rome and Ravenna down to the days of Canova. It is a practical course in art study that is laid down clearly and simply by a master-hand, with a knowledge of the essential masterpieces of each epoch and an emphasis upon the salient points of advance and decline in Italian architecture, sculpture and painting. The book is authoritative not only through its writer, but also through the coöperation of Edward Hutton, whose translation has placed upon our English shelves a new book of reference of enduring value.

The title page and index for volume V of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volume V in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Doctor Angelicus has recently shown a carelessness with his private papers: last week Hereticus came across his private diary, which from intrinsic evidence may be an indication that our old friend is quietly preparing the autobiography which he intends to leave as an inheritance to his favorite nieces, Angelica and Sibylla. Hereticus was guilty of copying out the following entry:

"The other evening during the Russian concert, I had hardly taken my place in the inexpensive subscription seat I always maintain in the gallery, when a strange emaciated youth, marked conspicuously small town by his white socks and flabby sombrero, took the adjacent seat and plunged his head heavily into his chest. The program went on noisily from Tchaikowsky, Godonoff, to Rimsky-Korsakoff, when at the end of the overture to the Coq d'Or, I overheard a heavy sigh that was almost a sob. I asked the youth if he were ill. He replied: 'No, only very unhappy.'

"It seems to me I yielded to a communistic instinct and called him—'Brother, what has gone wrong?'

" 'You see, sir, I have been in New York for the past two years, studying the piano at the Conservatory. My home town, Tullabeg, expects me to make another Marion Talley success—but you know what a hard master the flexible keyboard can be. My fiancée has grown tired of waiting for me and last week when I wrote her that I was now busy working at my peddling, she replied that she was sure her family would never consent to her marrying a peddler and broke off our engagement.'

"In fancy I tobogganed back to my own early years and to the four-quarters on the piano, which my good mother insisted I should take. I saw again in vision our formal back parlor: the square Mathusek piano: and my aunts and visitors brushing aside their bustles as they settled down among the Rogers Groups to listen to my first public rendition of Long, Long Ago and other five-finger symphonies.

"And our poor old music-teacher, Miss Popper, with her emaciated fingers and trashy rings and her nerve crises over my careless mistakes—and the sharp slaps with which she brought back my attention and a hatred so undying that I can feel it still. Poor over-refined spinster! I have often wondered what became of you. I hope you found other and less vindictive pupils than I proved to be! And here in this poor lad of Tullabeg, an echo out of my own past, indicating that westward the course of empire is slowly taking its way!"

* * *

There was a grave expression on Doctor Angelicus's face as he bent in earnest conference with a blond-haired youth in one corner of the library. Hereticus and Britannicus seized their hats and ran out for their cup of tea, not daring to intrude on the Doctor's unusual gravity.

The youth had presented a letter from Brother Portentius of Portentius College, and had prevailed on the Doctor to listen to one of his shorter poems—contrary to the general practice in the library, that poems are to be submitted to the eyes and not the ears of the editor. The young poet, flushing with the western glow of his early twenties, half-sobbed, half-lisped the following lines:

"Lady Bug, Lady Bug, fly away home
(She licks at her fingers and washes her face)
Your house is on fire—your children will burn
(She looks in my fingernail, ponders a space)
And, 'What has that, Sir, to do with the case?' "

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The young poet recoiled in some horror.

"Not even a blast of Whitman or a sprig or petal of Whittier or Emily Dickinson. Your verses are not unlearned. It was the old Galenus who first noted that the Lady Bug washed her face after the manner of the household cat. That other insects may employ this same toilet procedure is a question that we may as well transmit. The home note, indicating a certain direction in the insect flight strikes me as timely and edifying, and the personification of the insect's progeny as children bears with it a touch of tenderness that does not leave me altogether unmoved. There is graphic lifelike quality in your other parenthesis, where she looks at your fingernail, as into a mirror, carrying on the notion of feminine preoccupation, and reflecting credit upon the bright cutex quality which I notice on your unciform digits. Then there is the pause, rhymical as well as sensitive, and the vast uncertainty, the fragmentary character as of some classic remnant of a Vatican torse, in "What has that, Sir, to do with the case?" as well as the respectful observance of social form in the obsequious use of the Sir. This is poetry of the Alexandrian school, terse, elliptical, actual: little philosophy and didacticism, no mysticism nor that uncertainty of meaning which make so many of our modern poets so eloquent. There is nothing left to the commentator or the aesthician. My dear young man, return with my compliments to Brother Portentius: tell him I have made an exception to our general rule not to give analyses or explanations of our editorial decisions. Say to him that I consider you a great poet and one who under no circumstances should ever again consent to write another line of verse."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

HENRY SOMERVILLE is a writer on economics and London correspondent for the Toronto Star.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER is a poet, playwright and short-story writer of Oregon.

ELEANORH GOODNOUGH, a resident of Shanghai for eight years, was assistant editor of the Shanghai Gazette when it was owned and published by Dr. Sun Yat Sen and his revolutionary party. Later she joined the staff of the China Press, an American newspaper.

CHARLES DIVINE and GARRET LEWALYS are new contributors to The Commonweal.

A. J. REILLY is an Irish historian and an authority on the relations of Church and state.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL, poet, is the editor of the new edition of the Catholic anthology, Dreams and Images.

SISTER MAURA, a member of the faculty at Mount Saint Vincent College, Halifax, is the author of Lionel Johnson's Ireland, Christus Vincit, Via Vitae, Shakespeare's Catholicism, and A May Masque.

BYRNE MARCONNIER is the author of a series of St. Louis Poems published by the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WILFRED CHILDE is a lecturer at Leeds University. His books include The Little City, The Escaped Princess, Hills of Morning, Ivory Palaces, and The Gothic Rose.

W. P. REEVES is professor of English in Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

MAY LEWIS and DOROTHY LEONARD contribute poetry to current magazines.

CATHERINE MOORE, formerly of the University of Chicago, is a poet whose work is published in the American periodicals.

BERNARD FAY, who has served as exchange professor in the United States, is the author of Panorama de la Littérature Française.

SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE is professor of anthropology in Saint Michael's College, Toronto, and the author of many books on religion and science.

DR. EDWARD L. KEYES is professor of Urological Surgery in Cornell University Medical School and president of the American Social Hygiene Association.

ROBERT R. HULL is associate editor of Our Sunday Visitor.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS is an English reviewer now residing in the United States.

REV. JOHN S. MIDDLETON is chaplain of the Newman School at Lakewood, New Jersey.

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